The magazine devoted to pleasure

THE DUDE

JANUARY, 1960

FIFTY CENTS

The Man on the Rubber Balloon—SEX IN ACTION—A Collector's Item

ALEX AUSTIN
CARLTON BROWN
JACK SHARKEY
GARY BELKIN

THE DUDE

You'll find him more and more wherever men of taste and discrimination congregate... at the *good* clubs, the *interesting* events, with the *loveliest* of ladies. He's a man whose sparkling love of life is sound, yet whose lively, unpredictable turn of mind can only be found in the *best* of contemporary writing... whose broad interests and broader knowledge come from the *most informative* of articles... in short he *knows* where he's going... he's the symbol of the Pacemaker... he's the Dude.

THE DUDE

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the Magazine Devoted to Pleasure

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RIGHT DRESS

Wilson Cantrell

I advertised in the *Times* last weekend for a new chauffeur. She had to be around twenty, had to fit into my chauffeur's uniform (40-22-35) and had to be able to fulfill all the chauffeurly duties to which I had become accustomed (helping me dress in the morning—helping me undress at night—stopping on dark secluded roads—and keeping me generally warm and comfortable).

As it turned out, I couldn't have gotten a more perfect girl for the job than Belle, a buxom redhead who matched in every detail the Rolls-Royce she would drive. Her rear swayed when she went over bumps and being well endowed she didn't have—or need—a spare tire.

To go with such an outstanding chauffeur, naturally, I had to have a new winter outfit. I needed something in the coat line, something dashing, well tailored and new. "Belle," I said, "let's drive over to my old friend Maurice Tumarkin, President of Baker Overcoats, and see what we can find."

Belle slipped out of her nightgown and into her chauffeur's uniform (size 40-22-35). I slipped into the back seat of the Rolls. (I usually sat in the front where I could get a full view of Belle.) We soon arrived at the Baker Overcoat showroom at 200 Fifth Avenue in little ol' New York. Mr. Tumarkin's Baker Clothes, Inc., make some of the finest suits and sportswear in the country, but we'll have to get to that in another column since I'll need all this space to tell about overcoats and Belle.

Belle was going to be the judge of which overcoat I should take. Mr. Tumarkin greeted me cheerfully and gave Belle a kiss on the hand and a pinch on the cheek. Then came the show. First we saw a combination glen plaid opera cape-topcoat which is an exclusive item at Baker Clothes and a wonderful piece of tailoring (see picture one, page 69). Mr. Tumarkin has these capes in black and with white satin linings.

The black ones are meant only as capes for evening wear, but this glen plaid is different. You can unbutton the cape portion and wear it only as a topcoat. Or if the weather is very cold, you can leave the cape on and be twice as warm and twice as stylish. The cost is $175.00, and the cloth is finest lamb's wool.

Belle draped it over my shoulders and placed her head on my shoulder. "Very comfortable and soft," was her verdict. I ordered two or three right away.

Mr. Tumarkin's Baker Clothes showroom was the center of attraction as was Belle in her chauffeur's uniform with skirt above the knee and a sweater top, and I, with my pad and pencil, ambled over to look at some of the other overcoats.

We passed the formal department, where Baker had the latest in dinner

(*turn to page* 69)

PUB-LICLY YOURS

By Phil Strassberg

January is the time of year when our Oriental brethren celebrate their New Year with firecracker intensity and much derring-do. And many Occidentals—accidentally or no—enjoy participating in this second New Year festivity.

This reminds the writer that he has placed little stress upon the exotic platters which have made their way here from the Orient.

Comedians have utilized the kernels of rice from the paddies of China as kernels of overworked jokes: for example, how one gets hunger pangs a half-hour after a Chinese meal.

But there's no funning about the sagacity of the Chinese, be it concerning their way with food or their ways of wit. Thousands of their restaurants dot the country—from the metropolitan areas to smaller towns and villages. There are literally hundreds—most of them dispensing superior cuisine—in New York City. Yet many of their artful chefs never—once they immigrated to the States—went further east than the leading cities on the West Coast: San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego.

A Yankee gentleman named Jimmy T. L. Wong, whose family had been well versed in kitchen capers in the Yangtze country, recognized the rapid growth of the naval port of San Diego following World War II. It became a prosperous metropolis practically overnight. Restaurants sprang up. So did Jimmy Wong's Golden Dragon.

At 414 University Avenue, in the heart of the Hillcrest business district, next to residential sections and a five-minute drive from downtown San Diego, it is ideally situated.

(*turn to page* 69)

IN YOUR HAT

Take a quick peek at the song satire beginning on page 14 and I won't have to tell you about Doug Arrowsmith's talents. He's the puppeteer who created the models we photographed. I think in a few more years he'll be snapping at the heels of Bil Baird, and that's high praise indeed.

The next song satire we have in the works will be shot with live models and should be an ever-lovin' doozy . . . It's "Minnie the Moocher" . . . and you won't recognize the old girl when we get done with her!

I've meant to thank you in the past for the letters you take the time and trouble to send in, and hope you're not peeved because we can't print them all. Keep sending them in, it's the only way we can keep *The Dude* going *your* way!

I guess I don't have to warn you that the menace of the Christmas office party is approaching but fast. Don't say I didn't warn you. . . .

Don't mix your drinks.

Don't think you're Don Juan just because that new girl in personnel didn't fight too hard the last time you had her cornered in the stock room . . . she may just be getting together a dossier to present to the boss.

Don't forget that the boss always remembers everything you say . . . especially when the party is at its height.

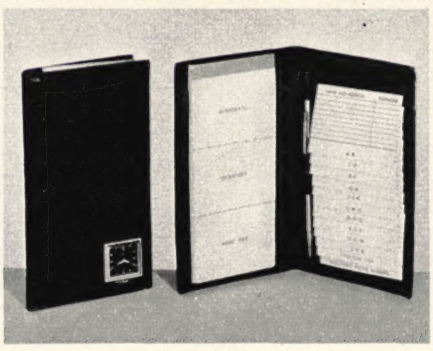
Outside of that, fly right, enjoy, and the merriest of merries to you. . . .

b.e.

queen's corner

posh pepper mill

From Italy comes this attractive tower of pepper, a mill you'll be proud to display both for its decorative and functional purposes. It's twenty-two inches high and the body is made of fine, hand-rubbed, rich mahogany. Really puts a fresh, tangy, zestful lift into every spice you cherish $14.95



versatile pocket secretary

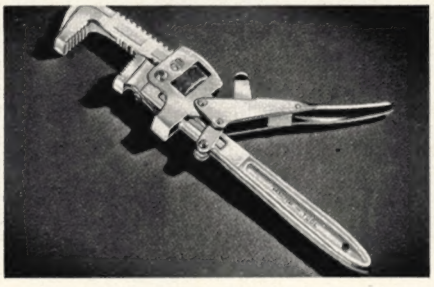
For those lonely days when your girl Friday doesn't show up. This versatile pocket secretary, made of finest English Morocco, is the (almost) perfect substitute; keeps all your addresses, takes all your notes, and—best of all—the jeweled, imported watch gives you the time. Guaranteed for one year $17.95

seven sister step-ins

How many ways does she love you? Let her count the days—and this gift will help her. Seven heavenly, curve-hugging embroidered panties, each one unique in color and motif. How many gals can boast that they come in seven different, delicious colors? The filigree box can be used as a jewel box $6.95

french cradle phone

Bring the early days of the French symbolists into your reading room. French cradle telephone, purchased in Paris, rewired here, serves as an actual extension or intercom (crank rings bell). With original shiny black finish and nickel plated metalwork. Hook-up diagram comes with phone $29.95



mightygrip clamp wrench

Take her to your workshop and let her see the first clamp wrench ever made. The clamp on the side locks the wrench head with two thousand pounds of gripping pressure. Works as a lock or pipe wrench, a clamp or portable vise. Made in West Germany. Ten inches in length. The jaws open to two inches $6.95

heraldic beer mug

Toast to the days of yore with your own heraldic beer mug. Removable metal tankard with antique brown, top-grain cowhide covering. Treated against moisture so that it can be washed easily. The emblem attached to the front is a careful reproduction from the days of King Arthur's round table .....each, $15.00

pocket flame quencher

Here's the perfect item to have handy when things get a little too hot—a pocket fire extinguisher. Just squeeze the nozzle to operate; works quickly, efficiently. A handy item to keep in your car, your summer cottage, or just about any other place you value. Top grain cowhide case included $7.95

bird in the brush

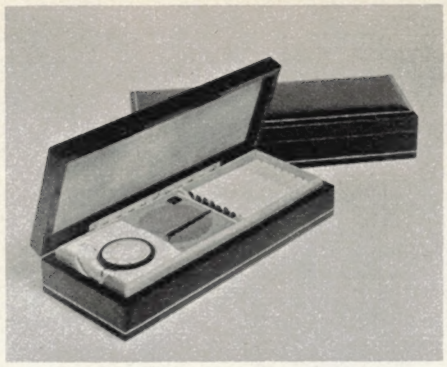
A bird in hand is worth two in the bush —and conversely, a brush in the bird . . . Here's a perfect mantelpiece item that can't fail to provide an endless source of conversation. The excellent clothes brush, made of finest English bristle, nestles in the smart imitation marble plastic case. All for $6.95

surprise . . .

Want to "scotch" that silly New Year's resolution? Turn the page . . .

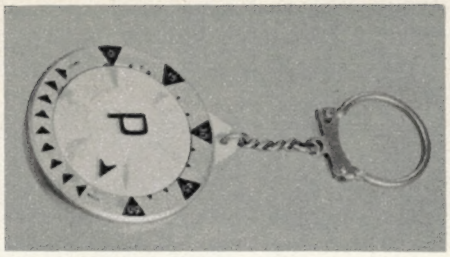
. . . cigarette 'decanter'

Think your guests won't flip when you "pour them a butt" from this simulated Vat 69 decanter? Tell your friends you had given up the habit, but this gift "scotched" it. Breeze-proof cigarette lighter with ample size fuel tank comes in the bottle's cap. For regular-size cigarettes, of course $12.95



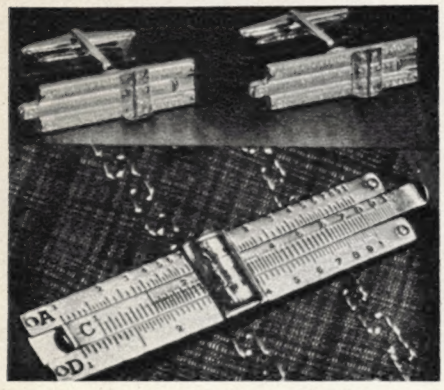
butt-in-the-(music)-box

Let smoke get in your ears—together with the fine sounds of a six-transistor radio. Top grained, 24K gold-tooled leather cigarette box is yours in color (brown, green, red) and monogram of your choice. Radio is easily removable . . . batteries supplied. Usually $65 . . . low price for Dude readers only $49.95



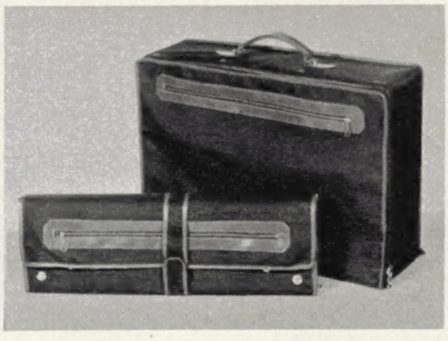
your own meter-beater

Banish forever unsightly parking tickets. Activate meter, set your timer for any period up to an hour, and a loud ring will remind you to forego her caresses long enough to deposit another coin. Doubles as egg timer, telephone monitor. . . . Silver plated key ring attached. Swiss made mechanism; size of a half dollar $6.95



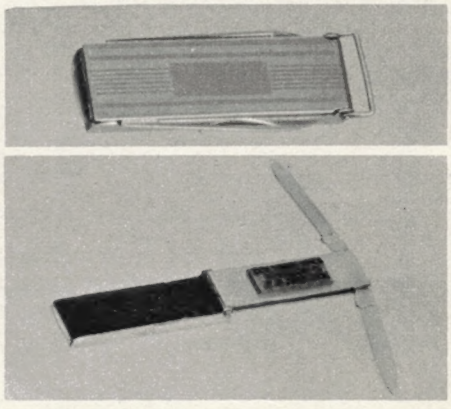
slide rule links or clasp

A working slide rule tie clasp or cuff links. Be he an engineer, architect, draftsman, designer, accountant, businessman or student, either set is something he will cherish for a lifetime. Decorative, useful and distinctive. Fully calibrated with scales A, C, and D. Specify gold plate or silver finish. Either item for $6.95



folding fun bag

A collapsible suitcase, 18" long by 14" high on the upswing, and practically invisible when folded. Its uses for the man about town, both in form discreet and form distended, are infinite. Made of the finest blue nylon, with rich red trimming, top grain red leather handle, and outside waterproof zipper pocket $19.95



lazyman's pocketmaid

The ultimate in gadgets. Now it's a nail file, now it's a knife. Now it's a personal signature stamp, and now it's discreetly folded in your waistcoat pocket. Comes complete with stamping pad. Fine quality stainless steel imported from Italy. Thin, light, engine turned. Specify name and address (in 3 lines) you'd like $6.95

1/60

The Dude Magazine, 48 West 48th Street, New York 36, New York

Name_____ Address_____ City_____ State_____

— SEND CASH, CHECK OR MONEY ORDER —

_____Posh Pepper Mill
_____French Cradle Phone
_____Pocket Flame Quencher
_____Cigarette 'Decanter'
_____Slide Rule Links or Clasp
_____Versatile Pocket Secretary
_____Mightygrip Clamp Wrench
_____Bird in the Brush
_____Butt-in-the-(Music)-Box
_____Folding Fun Bag
_____Seven Sister Step-ins
_____Heraldic Beer Mug
_____Your Own Meter-beater
_____Lazyman's Pocketmaid

WAS IT THE SIZE THAT BROUGHT TEARS TO HER EYES . . .?

Dear DUDE:

Hello—? What's this in your July issue? Bachelor quarters supreme! It is that indeed—but couldn't you do just a hairline better and take tall men into consideration, as far as the bed goes? Six by six feet is a nice comfy size—but how about guys (and some dolls) who are six feet or over? We've got a bed nearly seven feet long (as do many other height-minded citizens) which my guy really approves of; and I see by looking in one of our well-known mail-order houses (no less!) that a six-and-a-half foot by six-and-three-quarter foot dream cloud can be purchased! As long as you're going out for luxurious space, why not go all out and have a custom-made deal—seven feet by seven feet—? —or get the above-mentioned item? Were the home ours to live in, that's just about the only improvement we'd make.

Mrs. Robert C. Wills
Negaunee, Mich.

MORE HIRSUTE REJOINDERS

Dear DUDE:

Many thanks for accepting my feature, "Bearded in Your Den" (Sept. *Dude*). After sending you the piece, I had a few afterthoughts, if you'd like to add them, or if there isn't time, perhaps you can print them in one of your columns:

"Another response which is sometimes effective when your beard has excited some mirth, especially in someone who does not know you very well, is political. You fix your tormentor with a baleful eye, say, 'You may laugh now, but when Castro takes over this country it will be a different story!' and stalk off with an air of great dignity. If you can manage a slight Spanish accent, this enhances the effect.

"After the beard has grown at least three inches in length— and *not before then*—you may adopt a sheepish look, feel your chin and say, 'Gee, I guess I forgot to shave this morning.' This never fails. It is one of the standards of the repertoire.

"If your questioner is a desirable female, smile your most seductive smile at her and say, 'To make pretty girls like you ask questions.' This has the advantage of drawing the situation out in the open. Either she will scream and run away or you are in for a very interesting evening.

"A friend of mine uses the blockbuster technique. I myself have never tried this, because I do not know anybody whom I wish to demolish so completely. The key to this response is a very quiet voice and a very serious expression. 'I guess you didn't know that in our religion we let our beards grow when there's a death in the family.' "

S. J. Sackett
Hays, Kansas

"CONSTANT READER" CHIRPS AGAIN

Dear DUDE:

Belated opportunity has arisen for the performance of our routine duties as assistant managing editor, and in pursuit thereof we must now observe that, possibly because of space limitations, author Burt Kaufman's discussion on "Birds of Paradise" (September *Dude*) leaves a goodly number of the more oppressive species unlisted. Our further nominations are:

The Rubby-Throated Hammingbird:
Comes feebly to work at great personal sacrifice in pain and discomfort, solely to prevent the company from collapsing completely. Plumage characterized by wool scarf around neck and inhaler tube in pocket. Call, a strident "Hwawck hwawck hwawck hwawck hwawck," emitted more or less continuously.

The Crusted Flawcatcher:
Knows more rules of grammar than Webster had in mind. Can quote chapter, page, verse and line where it says that a past perfect participle should be independent of any subjunctive clause in any declarative sentence where the predicate is compound but does not include a perisphrastic conjunction set off by semicolons. Call, a triumphant "Ahem!"

The Rouse-breasted Greasebeak:
Range evidently a ten-mile radius during any lunch hour. Constantly finds obscure but superlative new little places to eat. Weight, normal plus thirty pounds. Call, a persistent, "But you don't know what marinated bluegill roe *is* until you've tasted Pierre Blitzinki's marinated bluegill roe!"

The Arrant Lyrebird:
A bristling type with flared nostrils, gritted teeth and flashing red eyes. Knows absolutely nothing about irreplaceable documents committed to her care ten minutes earlier. Call, a plaintive, "But if they were here I'd have *seen* them!" Will presently come upon them stuck in her copy of "Scrumptious Romances."

The Blue-nosed Stalk:
Invariably an unmated female. Inspects all incoming calendars, blotters and advertising matter for the suitability of their illustrations. May be identified by icily pale eyes, full length corset and characteristic call, "Well, *really!*"

Maybe, if you're good, more next issue.

Constant Reader
Chicago, Ill.

CAN "1984" BE THAT CLOSE . . . ?

Dear DUDE:

I read your "Age of the Moron" in September *Dude* (Stuart James), and I must say I felt a bit sick in the stomach afterwards. Not because I did not know some of the facts—I had my own experiences and had read enough about the trend to "conformity," "togetherness," and the general de-masculinization in America—but because these thoughts offered in a complex article like yours made me think about it. And that was when a feeling of frustration came in: I think you are right, and, which is much worse, neither you nor anybody in this world can do anything about it. We are part-time slaves now and will soon be full-time slaves, at least where free thinking is concerned.

I believe that most people who have been born and brought up in this country and have remained individualists still cannot see these problems as clearly as I do, because they have been intoxicated with these ideas from their childhood on, whereas I emigrated from Germany two years ago and came to see these circumstances with open eyes and an open mind. It was quite a shock for me and your article, so to speak, finished me off. Believe me, I am not one of those immigrants who is not satisfied with anything he finds over here and who thinks everything at home was better; that type should have stayed right where they were.

I know part of the States, and when I was down there I often had the feeling that American people think they have a monopoly on democracy, and, which is the same for them, freedom. They cannot see how far from those two things they are. This is one of the consequences of an education which you describe as brainwash. But what is the answer to this? Or do you believe there is an answer at all? I don't think there is one. A society molded into this form must look upon any individualist as an enemy and it will either isolate him or crush him. He can only put up a fight to a certain point and from there he will be washed away along with the big wave. Whether this will be now, or "1984," or later, remains to be seen.

Peter Hefner
Sudbury, Ont., Canada

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLARD GOODMAN

"Redemption,"
the man said,
"is . . .

A POSITIVE MUST!

"We could maybe get him kidnapped," Ralph said. He was the fat one, Henry was the tall one. They were buddies, inseparable palsy-walsies for years. Henry scooped a flake of dandruff from his scalp with a polished fingernail; fat Ralph wheezed and continued: "He gets kidnapped by these Voodoo Nuts, so's their Witchdoctor can like stick pins in him . . ."

Henry was making a face; Ralph, always sensitive to the reactions of his audience, finished lamely: "It's the old Voodoo bit . . . a sure winner . . ."

"Why?" Henry said.

"Why? Why what?"

"Why should they all of a sudden, out of a clear blue sky, want our guy for a pin-cushion?"

Ralph had no answer. Always shortwinded, slightly asthmatic, his breath rattled in his chest. He was the imaginative partner, given to flights of fancy, while Henry was the critic; lean, earthbound and deadly realistic. Fat and thin, they faced each other from matching armchairs, their feet, in black and white Florsheim shoes, shared the same ottoman. They wore identical mauve and black sport shirts over white-on-white boxer shorts. Both were smoking cigars. They were in a thirty dollar a day suite with a terrace on Malecon Drive, overlooking the Gulf of Mexico, in Havana. In each of their stomachs, rattling around like loose billiard balls, were the jumps.

Both were producer-writers under contract to a great Television Net-

work in Havana to film one-half hour of a weekly television series called *Caribbean Adventure*. The entire script had been shot except for the final scene in which the star, Wain Lane, was to stand up to the husband he had wronged and, like a man, take his punishment. But, during a break in the shooting, Lane had gone off to do a bit of skin diving. At a depth of sixty feet, his air hose had sprung a leak. He had to be dragged, unconscious and blue, ashore. He was now hospitalized while recuperating from the bends and shock. The problem which now tormented Ralph and Henry was to find some way of shooting the final scene, in which Lane is by turns punished, and through the punishment, redeemed (a star as big as Wain Lane must, in the end, be redeemed) while using a stand-in whose face would not be shown. The show was far over its budget, howls of protest arrived hourly from the network office in New York, and the billiard balls were rolling and clicking in their stomachs. Henry chewed his cigar and said: "Redemption is a positive must."

"They want redemption," Ralph said, "we give them redemption . . . he gets lost in the jungle, he wanders around in a daze, he's got the fever from some kind of bug. He comes staggering out of the jungle, his clothes are in rags, he's filthy—now get this—so grimy that you can't see his face . . . but now he knows . . ." Ralph paused significantly. "He understands."

"Understands what?"

"He understands you can't horse around without getting it in the neck."

"Okay. Why should he get lost in the jungle? He's lived there for ten years."

"He goes blind."

"Blind? Why not deaf?"

"Deaf . . ." Ralph repeated, a deadly, maniacal gleam coming into his eyes. He sensed the beginning of another set in *The Gag Game*—that verbal badminton, done straight-face and grimly serious, with gags the shuttlecock. They had been playing it for years. "How about we establish early in the picture that he's a glutton. A real pig. Then when the cooze goes back to her husband, he begins to eat himself to death, he's so like hung-up. We show scenes of him eating, eating—shoveling in the groceries with both hands. He gets fatter and fatter, then one day he comes staggering out of a delicatessen store and collapses in the gutter. We shoot a close-up: his face is swollen, he can hardly breathe—a man destroyed by his own gluttony."

Henry removed the cigar from his mouth. On his face was a mournful expression, a distant relative at a funeral. "I like it," he said. "It has a moral. But, to tell you the truth, we're dancing on our own graves."

"We're fiddling while Rome is burning up."

"In New York they're looking to cut out our hearts."

"While we play the Gag Game."

"We gotta come up with an ending."

For some minutes they sat in silence and cigar smoke. Finally, Ralph sighed and said: "My mind is a total blank."

"We need a fresh slant."

"We oughta knock off for a while. Have a few laughs."

"The Mambo Club. The Mambo Club for laughs."

"The sisters."

"Rosalinda and Feliciana."

Each hurried to a closet and pulled on a pair of egg-shell colored pants. Each slipped two cigars in the breast pocket of a mauve and black shirt.

"We need a little cheering up with the sisters," Henry said. Ralph agreed with a fierce, fat laugh: yap-yap. "A little horizontal Cha-cha-cha. . . ." He began to dance with one hand on his waist and the other held palm up in front of him; round and round, round behind jiggling, shirt tails flapping mauve and black, egg shell seat wiggling, yap yap yapping, and out the door and down the corridor to the elevator and press the button.

"How come you always pick the older sister?" said Ralph, the inquisitive one.

"She's been at it longer."

Yap, yap, yap.

In a drab, airless room on the ninth floor rear of the Alhambra Hotel, in the old section of Havana, the Federation for the Re-establishment of Freedom and Liberty in Cuba was holding a meeting. The leader of the Federation, Sebastien Mirofuentes, was completing a long address with the words: "We must, therefore, protest the action of the American Government in sending supplies to the Dictatorship. Action must at once be taken."

At these words from their leader, the other five members of the Federation began vigorously nodding their heads, shouting enthusiastically, and thumping on a bridge table with the butts of their revolvers. When the shouting and thumping had died down, and Mirofuentes had taken his seat, the feared terrorist, Vargas, spoke up: "Those filthy Yankees are always sticking their noses in where they don't belong." He rammed a bit of cloth twisted around the head of a matchstick through the empty chamber of his revolver. Then he squinted through the chamber and, while the other members of the Federation watched, fascinated, he began carefully filling the chambers with cartridges. "Let's teach them a lesson," he said, and dramatically clicked the revolver closed.

"What do you propose?" Mirofuentes said.

Vargas' sallow face darkened. The muscles along his jaw twitched. The others watched him anxiously, his reputation as a terrorist filling them with respect and fear. But despite his reputation and fanatical devotion to the Federation, Vargas was not a Cuban. Actually, his background was hazy; some said he was a Costa Rican, others claimed he was a refugee from the Dominican Republic and Trujillo, while in certain circles it was whispered he was a Puerto Rican, born in the Spanish Harlem section of New York. But none questioned his courage, his capacity for violence, or his devotion to the cause of Cuban Freedom.

"You understand," Mirofuentes said anxiously, "that we can't murder any of the Yankees."

"Why not?" Vargas was disappointed.

"Their State Department would be around our necks in no time."

"We'll make it look like the police did it."

"Why should the police protest against the Americans?" Mirofuentes said.

"Besides," said Mendez, a fat man with two gold teeth and a mustache which grew directly from his nostrils, "if we make it look as though the police have done it, how will anybody know it is we who are doing the protesting?"

"Then we'll kidnap a few of them," Vargas said.

"Kidnap?"

(*turn to page* 65)

ILLUSTRATED BY AL WESTE

article . . . **CARLTON BROWN**

It's a language
all women understand
but the "weaker" sex
may need
a glossary
now that gift-giving
time is here . . .

PERFUME SPOKEN HERE . . .

In the trade estimate that men buy as much as eighty per cent of all the perfume that women use, there is a powerful testament to the perseverance and amiability of our sex. Probably no other commodity is more frequently purchased by men as a gift for women who interest them amorously; certainly no other is so charged with racy interpersonal possibilities, or poses such challenging problems of selection.

The case of George X illustrates some of the chief perplexities confronting the male shopper in this field. As sometimes happens in the course of a romance, George had had an inconsequential quarrel with his girl, and wished to renew her pliability with a gift a little more important than flowers, not quite so presumptuous as lingerie, and less ostentatious than jewels or furs. He settled on perfume in general, and turned to the question of choosing one in particular.

He knew the names of a couple of his inamorata's favorites, but he felt that to fetch her a fresh supply of one of these would be to play the errand boy. He wished to show his initiative, originality and knowingness by picking something she had not yet ventured to buy on her own, but would be flattered and impressed to receive. He did not want to invite comparison to the sugar daddy by springing for the costliest scent of any per ounce, or the biggest magnum to be found on the counters, but on the other hand frugality had no place in his considerations. His area of search was in the broad range of excellent perfumes priced between $10 and $25 an ounce, and here he hoped to find something that would make his girl feel supremely feminine and refined when she applied it to her pulse spots, and at the same time, or shortly afterward, would overwhelm him with the desire to possess her on the spot.

George plunged into the perfume section of a large department store, his head buzzing with names and slogans that he had absorbed subliminally through years of exposure to perfume advertising, but with no clear idea of what *marque* or type of

(*turn over*)

scent might adequately do the trick.

"The single florals are nice for dainty girls," a dainty girl at one counter proposed. Well, George's girl was dainty, all right, but that wasn't *all* she was.

"How about an Oriental blend?" suggested a sloe-eyed charmer at the next stand. "They go well with your warm, heady, sultry types." George swayed back and forth rather in the manner of a cobra under the hypnotic effects of the fakir's flute. His chick, he reflected, could be as warm, heady and sultry as anybody, too, when the mood was upon her, but there was more to her than just that.

George listened to a wide gamut of such pitches at one counter and another. The floral bouquets were recommended "should milady be fond of laces and frills." The woody-mossy-leafy blends, "if she favors soft suits and furs." The spicy bouquets, "for your tweedy, outdoor types that are also saucy and gay." The fruity blends, "for the warm, feminine woman." The modern blends (or aldehydes), "if she's worldly and sophisticated."

The further he progressed, the more confused George became, for each of the designations of female types and preferences seemed to him to apply precisely to one or the other of the infinitely various aspects of his mistress. He was close to the end of the line when he succumbed to a foolish temptation. He decided to retrace his course through the maze of counters, and this time, as he had not done before, to accept each saleslady's offer to let him sniff samples of her wares after she had applied them to her wrist or the inside of her elbow. George was too far gone by now to consider that each of these charming young ladies was already saturated with previous samples from other bottles, and his ultimate choice was dictated by rash impulse rather than reason of any sort.

"I'll take *that* one!" George suddenly cried, before he had gone more than halfway around again. At the same moment he seized the most enticing saleslady in sight, and had carried her almost to the exit before he was brought down by a flying squad of house detectives.

George is making a good recovery, and he tells me that he feels his humiliation will not have been in vain if some lessons may be adduced from it for the benefit of his fellows.

Cooler-headed shoppers than George, of course, would not be likely to let themselves be so far carried away as he was. But the sort of confusion that he underwent is more or less inherent in the situation, and is known to prevent some timid souls from venturing to shop for perfumes at all, and to cause others to beat a retreat before accomplishing their mission. Either course impedes the flow of trade and, what's more important, cuts the individual off from a handy way of insuring his own amorous welfare. Let us see, then, what guidance we can find in this difficult but rewarding branch of consumership.

The major complexities facing the male shopper, my studies indicate, are semantic rather than olfactory ones. Thoughtful perfumers are aware of the fact, and wish they could improve their verbal means of telling us what we want to know about their products. At a trade symposium not long ago, Mr. H. Gregory Thomas, president of Chanel, charged that the adjectives which the industry uses to describe the general types of scent—those classifications which George X encountered at the retail level—"reveal the bankruptcy of our own descriptive powers. The language barrier stands against all our best advertising and publicity copywriting efforts."

It might seem curious that Mr. Thomas should have been the man to make this complaint, since his firm's Chanel Number 5, which has as uncommunicative a name as any scent has ever borne and is advertised with a restraint bordering on worldlessness, has nevertheless remained one of the topmost best-sellers ever since its introduction some forty years ago. The rest of his speech made it clear, however, that he was not concerned with goading Chanel's copyrighters into ransacking the thesaurus for more pungent adjectives with which to describe the firm's products, but with the larger aim of improving communications between producers and consumers in general.

It is a big order, for the vocabulary of fragrance is severely limited and chiefly reliant on comparisons—to flowers, fruits, spices, etc.—which are most inadequate when applied to perfumes, for reasons we shall consider further on. An even more massive block to communications, which Mr. Thomas did not allude to, is based on a curious dichotomy among perfumers on a matter of fundamental definition—that is, whether perfume is or is not an aphrodisiac.

As recently as a year or so ago, Monsieur Edouard L. Cournand, president of Lanvin, made news by declaring, in an interview with Mike Wallace, that "perfumers haven't dared say it openly, but many of them secretly think perfume is an aphrodisiac. They think it excites men."

"Well, does it?" Wallace asked.

"Yes," said M. Cournand. "Not medically—it hasn't any hormones in it, or anything. But the Germans have done a lot of studies on perfume, and they all agree that perfume is erogenous. It's like champagne. It intensifies moods and emotions. You drink champagne — and *voila!* you have results immediately."

As you have surely noticed, the secret thoughts of perfumers about the erotic powers of their products have often been shyly whispered, and occasionally even blurted right out, in the names and catchwords they attach to them. M. Cournand's own firm calls one of its several distinguished numbers My Sin, and advertises it as "a most provocative perfume," though without saying precisely what it is intended to provoke. Fabergé comes right out with it in the title of Aphrodisia, and l'Orle in that of Libido. Crude types could possibly find erotic suggestions in such names as Climax, by Blanchard, and Encore, by Beauty Counselors, and implications of affectional acquiescence in such ones as Mais Oui, by Bourjois, Toute de Suite, by Suzanne, and With Pleasure, by Caron. And if Lelong doesn't necessarily mean what you might think by calling one of its fine fragrances Tailspin, its advertisements do suggest that you "lead up to love" with a gift flacon of any of its offerings, including the innocently named Balalaika.

The reticence which M. Cournand noted, however, does prevail among many perfumers. It has been attributed by another authority to observations of French retailers on the shopping behavior of American men visiting their country, beginning with the doughboys of World War I. These pioneering customers, who started our country on its way to becoming the world's greatest market for perfume, wanted to bring their stateside girls amorous tokens that would make them smell as alluring as the *desmoiselles* and *demimondaines*

of France. But they shied away from buying scents with suggestive titles, out of fear that making a gift of one might be regarded as a grave indiscretion by the recipient.

In deference to this puritanical attitude, which is on the wane but still persists, many of the most powerfully erogenous masterpieces of the perfumer's art were noncommittally designated by numbers, or named for fabrics, flowers, elements of music and dance, and so forth. These have remained among the favorites, but might be overlooked—to his possible loss—by the novice shopper who attempts to go by names alone. Meanwhile, French and American producers alike have come along with popular entries which coyly or forthrightly convey their erotic intent in their titles and slogans, as we have seen. And the olfactory messages of perfumes themselves, in response to concealed but forceful currents of popular demand, have progressed steadily from reticence to outright solicitation since the 1920s. The transition was summed up by André Fraysse, technical director of the House of Lanvin, to a Paris correspondent of *The New York Times:* "The daughters of the bourgeoisie today are wearing what the daughters of joy wore in 1900."

Still, the feminine sense of propriety is such that few women would care to wear a perfume frankly labeled Fille de Joie. And of course, though men buy most of the perfume sold, women are the final arbiters of the acceptance and success of any scent. Hence the sagacious perfumer either says little or nothing about his product, except that it is very, very good, or else strives to find a name for it, and words for advertising it, that will carry desirable connotations to members of both genders.

Revlon has handled the two-way stretch cunningly, I think, in the case of its "lingering new fragrance," Intimate, which promises its wearers, "Even in the dark . . . he'll know it's you." We will defer for the moment the question of how the "he" in this situation can know in the dark that he is scenting the lady identified as "you," and not another wearer of Intimate who has swapped places with her after the lights went out, and consider only the verbal imagery that is presented. This seems replete with appeal to both sexes, and certainly suggests to the male reader something more promising than a childish game of blind man's buff.

THE DUDE

Indeed, amateur naturalists in the audience might find in the slogan for Intimate a distinct reminder of the mating instinct of various species of moths, of which the females emanate a subtle odor which males detect with their antennae, and track unerringly to its source over great distances, in the dark or in the light. Mme. Schiaparelli could have had this zoological phenomenon in mind when she called perfume "the antenna of desire and memory."

The substances which give female moths their sex appeal are produced in quantities too minute to be of any use to the perfumer, and it is not certain that they would have a similar effect on humans if they could be used in scents. It's not certain that they *wouldn't,* either. Moths are right in there with the bees and the flowers in that conspiracy of nature which is held up to Junior as a model of human propagation. Blossoms develop their full fragrance when they are sexually mature, thereby attracting bees and other insects to come, sup, and go next door for more, bearing a load of pollen from stamen to pistil, with love. Thus the essential oils of flowers, which are as essential as anything to perfumers, are sexually attractive in the large sense of serving a generative function in nature. One of them, oil of tuberose, is rated by some perfumers the most aphrodisiacal of all ingredients.

Others assign erogenous priority to musk, the mightily odorous glandular secretion which makes the small, shy, nocturnal Himalayan buck of the species irresistible to the female musk deer. Musk has been used for centuries in perfumes, in minute quantities, and so has castoreum, or castor, produced by the beaver of both sexes and an erotic stimulant in its natural form. These are among a number of animal substances that perfumers call fixatives, for their ability to add staying power to a blend of aromatic ingredients. They also give to the mixture their own characteristic notes, which candid authorities identify as blatantly sexual, and which contribute potently to what Frenchwomen call the *tirance,* or pulling power, of a perfume. Without getting that specific about it, Coty hints at the same attribute in the name of its fetching essence, l'Aimant (the Magnet).

It has remained for the Germans,

(*turn to page 67*)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BURT OWEN
PUPPETS BY DOUG ARROWSMITH

pictorial essay

"He couldn't do half as much for her craving, as . . .

THE MAN ON THE RUBBER BALLOON"

I once was a flyer but now I'm a-ground,
Like a flat-footed copper, the pavement I pound;
I'm broke and I'm lonely, betrayed, I propound,
By a girl who was hooked on ozone.

Now I took this girl up in my bi-plane,
To the clouds . . . but she wanted the moon;
I couldn't do half as much for her craving
As the Man on the Rubber Balloon . . .

Chorus:
He soars through the air like a long-winded loon,
That ethereal Man on the Rubber Balloon;
He's handsome, deep-chested, his voice a bassoon,
And my lovely has flipped for his breeze.

Of him every maid was afraid, and obeyed;
His eyes like a blade cut clean through their brocade.

He was shifty and jaded, their names he'd degrade,
But famous he was all the same.

'Til one day he set eyes on my lovely,
As he soared through the air o'er my crate.
He threw her a kiss and a dose of ozone,
And off went my hop-headed mate . . .

Chorus:
He soars through the air like a long-winded loon,
That ethereal Man on the Rubber Balloon;
He's handsome, deep-chested, his voice a bassoon,
And my lovely has flipped for his breeze.

For open-air smoochin' they both had a flair;
You never did see such a sociable pair;
They twisted and trysted they didn't care where,
My duck's name got stuck in the muck.

I went to this blackguard her honor to save
(Which was more than my love ever tried),
His gesture was that of an arrogant knave—
How did she this monster abide?

Chorus: He soars through the air, etc.

I cried and I blubbered and slobbered for days,
While she and that dastard set all hell ablaze;
She soon got so portly she busted her stays—
Oh why didn't I fly to Hawaii!

Though her honor be smirchèd I said I still would
Have her as my sweetheart and spouse.
But she answered my prayer with her proud derrière,
As she backed me out of the house . . .

Chorus: He soars, etc.

I nurtured my feelings for days
without end,
Then sought out my bird-brain our
quarrel to mend;
She may have been stupid yet . . .
she was my friend—
But I found she'd been swooped
from her coop.

They had soared through the air in
his rubber balloon,
Her "fashions" a mere bagatelle;
I wished they'd been caught by a
swirling typhoon
And plunged to the hackles of . . .
well . . .

Chorus: He soars through the air, etc.

I drank myself silly in various
climes
'Til one day I read in an old
New York Times:
My girl had become, in spite of
her crimes,
The act's top banana and star.

He'd taught her to swing
from his rubber balloon,
As he snoozed in its crest
loose and lame;
Now she's blazoned her fame
from New York to Rangoon,
While assuming a masculine
name . . .

Final Chorus:
She soars through the air
with a woosh and a swish,
My muscle-bound lover's be-
come quite a dish,
She's handsome, deep-chested,
her inverted wish,
Is that all of the girls
she may please.

article . . . **DANIEL WEBBER**

A surrealist but searching glance at some of the more surprising characteristics of the west coast as shown by a Rorschach of a California . . .

GARDEN PARTY

As I was about to dunk a baby palm leaf in my tequila highball, a thrush of a girl on my left began warbling wildly to her companion. "What do you mean you don't dig kinesthesia? Why, that's the same as saying you don't believe in paved sidewalks. They exist! Kinesthesia is a fact of life! Why, if all the people in Los Angeles were to concentrate at a given point, they could lift Grauman's Chinese fifty feet into the air."

"Just where it belongs too," murmured her friend, a dimpled little item in striped Bermuda shorts. "No, what I mean is kinesthesia is not my cup of yogurt. I am infinitely more concerned with extra-sensory perceptions. Now *there* . . ."

I gave myself a sick little smile and licked at my glass of cactus. This San Fernando garden party barbeque was absolutely the greatest. Tippy toppy. The Flora and The Fauna surrounding me on this deliciously rotten evening were irresistibly you know what, and I mean

ILLUSTRATED BY BETSY REILLY

it. There was not a pluperfect denizen missing. Each floral configuration was a tribute to Menninger. Each quivering fauna was a prize winner from the Museum of Natural History. The air was jumping with a rich and heady perfume, the Promise of Madness, mixed in somewhat with burning barbeque meat, and verbal goodies swooped and darted through the air like drunken macaws.

Just as I was zeroing in on a cute little tootsie with bifocals, my hostess flew down from a tree and grabbed me. "Have you read Henry Miller's latest?" "Latest what?" I asked, and grinned like Mishkin Karamazov. The lady giggled paranoidly. "Divine! Divine! Latest what! His statement of bankruptcy, of course." I blinked my little wombat eyes and told her that I'd been in hospital with yaws for two months and had kind of like you know lost touch. In another moment she was pressing a fresh Zapata cocktail in my hand. I was so grateful I wanted to cry a little, but she flew away before I could think of a lie to feel.

So I just tingled all over instead. A sweet smelling deliciosity dressed like a rickshaw girl was now nuzzling my left ear with a statement of pure delight. "You know, whenever I come to the coast every inch of my anxiety disappears. It's just incredible. I mean, I feel like I've just been born. You know?" I told her that I, too, often felt like dawn's early light. We grinned darkly at each other, soulmates'-ville, and she dived into my tequila patch, and I began to think of whisking her off to my little split level neurosis. She was full fathom five in my drink (somebody behind me began to play a bongo drum) and I rescued her (save our children from cirrhosis!) by nibbling on her eyebrow. "My analyst says I've got layers and layers of untapped resources," she burbled, her upper lip moist with self love. "It's only a question of boring through to them. You know, like a geological formation, or something."

The bongo music changed to zither jazz. Light years away a bronze goddess was squatting on a wooden table and demonstrating a yogi position before a group of visiting nerve specialists wearing berets. Standing knee deep in an abandoned rock garden to my right, an aged weight lifter in a black sequin bikini was trying to hypnotize a fat woman who looked like a werewolf.

"It's all up here," he whispered, tapping his noodle. "Mmm," the werewolf creamed, her fangs beginning to melt. "Now I want you to relax and turn your will power over to me. Every little shred of it. Your eyes are getting heavy . . ." I felt love all over me, I felt the hooch grin its way up my knee joints, I felt like the entire chapter on totem and tabu, and I wondered whether I shouldn't whistle the Star Spangled Banner. I slithered away from the geological formation ("Once I know why I hate my mother, I'll stop being frigid,") and headed toward the eats.

A piglet's rib was laughingly meeting its fate in my crunchers and a small tumbler of Pepita's nerve juice was on its way to my maw, when I was accosted by a stoned unicorn. "The trouble with these goddamn Hollywood people is that they hate depth. Truth and substance terrify them." I murmured that I myself was here on a Fulbright from Pakistan, but he persisted (several hundred inches north by northeast of me two refugees from Swan Lake were taking turns feeding each other Alaska crab legs). "I've been trying for two years to sell these stupid sonsofbitches a musical version of *The Magic Mountain*. But do you think they're interested? Hell no! They want to remake *The Sheik*." Fragments of Gerry Mulligan glided through the garden like bits of a hand grenade in a slow motion explosion. Japanese lanterns were giving the gnats a ball. I consoled my writer friend with a plate of home cooked homilies about life in the fifth century, put three warm tacos in his left hand (his right one clutched an ominous script) and silently (my left eye closing slightly in confusion) drank a toast to Neander. As I slope away he begins to sob softly, whimpering, "Checkov, Checkov, Checkov." I make a mental note to look him up at Bennington next year.

Abalone!

I have become a skin diver. I find myself next to the Hindu girl who has now become a mermaid. I'm pretty sure she doesn't have a stitch on. I feel we are swimming in the Indian Ocean, just the two of us, the tuna fleet having sailed off the other way. My slyly ingratiating words become bubbles that rise to the surface of something or other. "Whadyahear from George Hackensmidt?" I ask.

"I've never heard of him," she replies, her own words rising like spent yo-yos. "But I don't think you would have asked me that unless you were really vibrating, positively."

"Barracuda!"

"Exactly. Meaning is motion. Violent motion is violent meaning. Know what I mean?"

"Porgy and Bess!" I make a coy gesture of utterly Platonic friendship.

"The body has its own meaning," she burbles, gently chewing off three of my fingers with her hand-filed teeth. I cry for my mommy but she doesn't hear me because she went down with the Spanish Armada. "Have you ever thought you were a lotus blossom?" she gaily inquires. Two groupers swim by unmolested. One of them looks like Maverick. She swishes her elegant tail against my aging side, creating an inimitable sensation of pain because she has just broken two of my ribs. "Flowers have the most extraordinary effect on my psyche. Especially lotus blossoms. Know what I mean?"

My oxygen mask is slipping. I bid her farewell and head for the surface. The last I see of her she is heading for a lonely starfish. The very moment I break water, the host, a renegade truffle, has forced upon me another large glass of Pancho Villa's cologne, and after a long drink I know everything there is to know about guitars and handmade silver bracelets.

"The visual image has gone to hell since Weston," he howled and pushed a weenie into his fat wet mouth. "What's the use of all these high speed cameras? Falsity! Nikon! Likon! Schmikon! Ansco super bypan! Garbage! Do you know what Weston was doing? He was shooting the soul!"

"He sure was big on them beaches with all them dames," I squeal, and throw myself into a bush of dithering succulence. He dives in after me. (Out in the Sahara wastes somebody is playing hell with a musical saw now. The night is becoming a demented hyena.) "What I mean to say is, the reality of man has become synthetic!" my host insists. I groan and brush aside an armadillo

who is clutching a copy of *Escape from Freedom.*

"Whatever happened to the Dolly Sisters?" I demand.

"Oh the schimsery of it all!" he weeps. I hold his hand and then give him the phone number of a very successful transvestite I know in Malibu.

Tristan Zara!

Greg Peck!

Oscar Zilch!

Something is importuning one of my big toes. To strengthen my linguine nerves, I quaff some Tears of Lupe Velez, then look down. A midget interior decorator—Son of Cyclops?—is petitioning me. "New York is contaminated!" he wails. "Everybody is cheating everybody else! Modern design has been corrupted, turned into a common, streetcorner whore! Robsjohn-Gibbings is the Rasputin of interior decoration! He should be deported!" Feeling sorry for the wretched little thing, I very tenderly rub the top of his shaved head with some buffalo grease I happen to have on me and stuff his pockets with a handful of fresh Eastern rumors.

"Whatever became of the straight line?" he moaned.

"Mondrian," breathed a tiny eared passerby.

Somewhere a neurosis is beckoning me. I try to think of a childhood rejection . . .

Seven hundred and fourteen nerve endings later I have become a two toned metaphor working my way through Rumson's Law of Interior Ambivalence. (Who's been tampering with these Yma Sumac records? Eh? Speak up, or forever hold your piece!) I have given up drinking Pedro's Snake Remedy. I am now taking a short cut. Rubbing it directly all over my body. Mmm. talking about osmosis . . . I feel the need for a major statement. I grab a beef dip sandwich, hide it in my right armpit, and head for a bearded mephistophelian cracker barrel who is single handedly destroying iambic pentameter. (The grass is flailing itself with anxiety. The barbeque pit is rising up on its knees and growling for a bleeding carcass. The bodies in the shadowy distance have become sleepwalking nudities. (Oh Balboa, what hast thou wrought!)

I carefully pick out a hair and shout into the beard before me. "Love let us be true to one another . . . for on this darkling plain . . ."

"Shrdlu!" howls the beard. "Shrdlu and bagles!! Pottery without Henry Moore. Oh you driveling square! You bathroom with no faucets! Listen to life. To the twentieth century!" He hoists three filagreed Nambi Pambies over his head. "Oh murder, rape and arson! Lend me your backsides. I come here not to praise stupidity! Nay, but to lay the ghost of suffocating asphalt."

Amidst the squeals of nothing less than unmitigated masochism, I grovel away, my tiny paws holding defeat and a half consumed chicken leg that no longer knows its own father. Some eleven identities away I spy a Yugoslavian folk dance. One of my arms slowly rebels and demands freedom for the frijole workers. My other arm is dying to sign a contract with Irving Thalberg. An entire generation of squatters ring a man and a woman (didn't I see them in Washington Square last Sunday night sleeping in the dry fountain bed?) who are clapping their hands and whirling madly. She has a dozen roses in her teeth. He has signatures all over his naked body.

I inch toward adjustment. . . .

Suddenly my hostess beards me by the belly button and wants to know if I have any old copies of *Transition or Blast* . . .

I feel like a stereophonic ferocity coming on . . . the stucco winks gently at me, the teabird on the garage stifles a howl . . . I . . .

THE DUDE

fiction . . . ALEX AUSTIN

ILLUSTRATED BY IRV DOCKTOR

A poignant and memorable story about a *most* unlikely hero . . .

THE SEX MANIAC

There was a sex maniac who lived in the building, but he was a jolly fellow and everyone liked him.

He lived in a small room on the third floor. He had lived in that room for three years and so everyone in the building knew all about his being a sex maniac. At first, of course, they were quite shocked by it. There was even talk of going to the landlord and having him thrown out of the building.

"We have enough troubles without a sex maniac in the house."

"Fellows like that are capable of anything."

"Disgusting . . ."

"Filthy fellow . . . ought to be exterminated, that kind."

That was the way everyone talked when they first found out about him.

But they did not go to the landlord. They talked among themselves and they stared at him whenever he came in or went out and if he said hello to them, they would turn away from him.

Being a sex maniac, he was accustomed to being shunned in this man-

ner. He had been asked to leave any number of houses. When he would pack his bags and leave a room, a terrible sadness would fill his heart. Each room he came to he told himself would be his home. And so, when he was forced to leave, the hope of ever having a home became dimmer and dimmer and once, when he had been a very young man, he had even thought of killing himself. But he got over that and told himself that things were as they were and we are all born into this world with the touch of God upon us and so there must be a purpose to whatever we may turn out to be.

Soon, however, in this house, the talk began to change. The women were the first to notice what a truly jolly fellow he was. There was a sparkle in his small blue eyes and his very fat face seemed always on the verge of laughter. The children loved to watch him come up the street because he was so very fat he wobbled like a toy duck, and soon they began calling him, "Mr. Duck."

"Hello, Mr. Duck," one of the children would say.

And he would smile in a most pleasant, warm way.

"Hello, Mr. Duck."

"Well then," he would say, "quack, quack, quack . . ."

And the children would all laugh.

Even the animals seemed to take to Mr. Duck. The dogs and cats followed him. He always carried a biscuit in his pocket for them. In the mornings he would feed the pigeons on his window sill. Sometimes he would take a bag of bread crumbs down to the street and he would give the children handfuls of crumbs to feed the pigeons and the sparrows.

"Look—Mr. Duck feeds the birds' because he is a bird too."

"Quack . . . quack . . ."

The women, seeing how he behaved with the children and the animals found themselves liking him too. Now when he would come home in the evenings, they would greet him.

When they first started doing this, Mr. Duck, as everyone called him now, was so surprised, he did not really think they were saying hello to *him*. When he did realize it, he was overjoyed. He did not know what to say. He said, "Hello . . . good evening . . . yes . . . how are you . . . hello . . ." The words would come all in a jumble. Mr. Duck was not used to having so many friends.

Eventually, even the men began to like him.

"There's no real harm to the fellow."

"I say what he does is his own business. That's what I say."

"You're perfectly right, Charlie."

And that was how it happened that Mr. Duck came to feel that this room would finally be a home for him.

Soon he was not only an accepted member of the house—he actually became something of a favorite. He always had a joke or two to tell the women—even the old ones who had started growing little white nanny-goat beards. He could discuss all the important matters of the day with the men, adding a humorous comment here or there. And with the children he was an absolute wonder. Mothers would come to him if a child refused to eat, for example. Mr. Duck would nod knowingly and go down to see the little culprit. He would sit at the table and relate some fantastic story and before the child knew what he was doing, his entire meal would be safely down where it belonged and the mother would heap her thanks on Mr. Duck, telling him he managed children better than anyone she knew.

If there was someone sick in the house, Mr. Duck would fetch things from the store, often set a kettle on the stove and brew some tea or a bit of soup for the patient. He was not above going to the corner tavern and having a few drinks with the men of the house.

"Duck? The fellow holds his liquor all right," the men would say.

"That story of his about the horse and the elephant . . . do you remember? . . . Well, I thought my insides would split for me, I laughed so hard . . ."

"Mr. Duck, tell us a story please."

"The little devil doesn't believe the medicine will do him any good. Could you stop in and tell him it will work, Mr. Duck? He does believe everything you say."

Mr. Duck was happier than he had ever been in his life.

He waddled about here and there. There were so many things to be done, so many stories to tell. Life was indeed a most joyous bit of business once you really got down to it.

Late at night, of course, Mr. Duck would walk very quietly down the stairs. Everyone in the house knew that he would go out and they knew why he went out too. But none of them ever said a word. If they heard him on the stairs, even if they had some garbage to put out, they would wait behind the door until they were sure he was past so they would not embarrass him by opening the door.

When he would go out late at night, Mr. Duck wore a black suit that was a bit small for him. He wore a black derby that had seen better years and shoes with thick rubber soles. During the day, he never dressed in such somber colors; he would wear striped shirts and plaid jackets and in the summer he always wore black and white shoes.

Sometimes he would not come home until five or six in the morning. Once, one of the women had opened her door to take in the milk and he was just coming in. She saw a few spots of blood on his shirt. But she closed her door quickly, quietly, so he would not see her.

The people in the house knew what Mr. Duck did because one night old man Hurter, a towering bull of a man who would go out on drunks that sometimes lasted for as long as a week, saw him at his business. Hurter had become sick when he had seen Mr. Duck and it was a long time before he told any of the others. When he did tell them, they too became a little sick. But in time, they put aside the thought of what Mr. Duck did at night. That was his business and he had proven himself to be such a completely delightful fellow, they were not going to hold that against him.

But then, as happens in all such cases, Mr. Duck's terrible secret life was discovered, not by those in the house who had come to know and love him, but by strangers who did not and would never know him.

The people in the house found out about it the following morning.

A detective who had a flat nose and pale gray eyes came to the house. He started questioning the women he saw in front of the house. He asked them what they knew about the little fat fellow who lived there.

The women only had the finest things to say about Mr. Duck. They asked the detective if anything had happened to him.

The detective told them quite sim-

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY BIRNBACK PUB. SERV.

pictorial essay

Albion's distaff side goes all out to prove that . . .

"SWEET ARE THE USES OF PUBLICITY . . ."

That explosion you heard not long ago coming from England was no new bomb . . . it was the sound of Colonel Blimp expiring in one last apoplectic burst of fury.

Young Wendy Smith, hot on the trail of publicity, has decided on an all out campaign that makes any other of the current supply of self-advertising ladies look demure and retiring.

Dubbing herself a female James Dean, Wendy also calls herself "the naughtiest nice girl in Mayfair." New Year's Eve was the time she chose to start the year off in what she considers the proper style.

The "naughtiest nice girl in Mayfair . . ."
Or a "female Jimmy Dean"?

She posed in the nude near Queen Elizabeth's palace . . . and if you don't think that caught a lot of headlines in the British press, you don't know our English cousins!

But that still wasn't enough to detonate the venerable Colonel Blimp . . .

Wendy waited till she was invited to a ball where the invitations read, "Tophats and tiaras not, *repeat,* not, *obligatory . . ."*

Deciding that the only way to make a splash was to observe the letter of the invitation, Wendy showed up in a shorty nightgown and frilly pants . . . Flashbulbs popped like mad . . . but Colonel Blimp still stayed in one piece . . .

After the party was to all intents and purposes ended, a gentleman blueblood decided that nothing would provide the proper ending to the affair but a dip in a fountain at Trafalgar Square.

Guess who accompanied him?

Wendy, of course.

But even this didn't make Colonel Blim flip . . .

That didn't happen until Wendy posed in the nude with a statue of Pan . . .

That did it!

That was when Colonel Blimp blew up . . .

In case you're curious as to why, photographic proof is appended hereunto . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY SUPERIOR

fiction . . . WILLIAM SAMBROT

Unlike the long-minded elephant, the fatted calf's memory is short and fleeting . . .

"ABSOLOM, ABSOLOM"

On the flight over from London to Frankfurt Martin Jenckle had looked down, not hearing his wife's endless excited chatter, answering her questions automatically, with the practice of a man married fifteen years. Below were the old familiar patterns of the Belgium fields, the long straight lines crisscrossing, and almost, he could close his eyes and be back in the old C47, with the unmuffled roar in his ears, feeling the acid tension grip his stomach, feeling the tight webbing of his chutes, the heavy BAR, the sack of grenades, all the ponderous equipment of a paratrooper constricting his movements, while the ready light flashed green over the pilot's door and the jumpmaster was booting them out, one after the other, and the field rushing up, the sprawled bodies of the Joes that hadn't made it, the quick chop chop as others scuttled for the hedgerows, firing off rapid bursts, controlled, professionals who'd learned their trade in Africa, Italy, and finally, Normandy.

Almost—but not quite. The big Connie was quiet, and there was his wife next to him and some sixty or so others: neat blank-faced diplomats, jg, pinched-faced Iowa schoolteachers on sabbatical, the heavy guttural of West German businessmen, already impatient of the Yankee and his occupational force, the old obsequiousness gone. And why not? The war was merely ancient history; something best forgotten.

"We'll be in Frankfurt overnight," Martin told his wife. "I'll have to detour for some business a little further south." Her eyes brightened under her felt hat, the one she'd picked up in London to go with the tweed jacket she'd bought in Glasgow. "I'll rent a car and drive down: it's only about fifty miles." The light in her eyes went out as she anticipated his next words. "It's a dry dusty ride—or at least," he amended hastily, "it used to be. You stay in Frankfurt and shop around. I'll be back in time for dinner. Then tomorrow, Berlin. Then on to Rome . . ."

She nodded quietly and looked at him. There was a wisdom in her eyes, a deep certain knowledge that brought a faint tremor to his body. *(She remembers. After all these years, she still remembers those eleven months.)*

The plane landed at Frankfurt and he felt the first quick tug. Germany. Instinctively he turned and looked south, toward that gentle rolling country where the Neckar joins the Rhine. All these years, like a compass turning north, his thoughts had swung there, time and again. Down there

he'd spent eleven months after the war, telling himself he was reluctant to leave the dim old forests, the ruined castles, *Niersteiner* wine and the tiny roe deer that tore through country his own ancestors had roamed.

Down there was Reisen, a village of stone houses and narrow cobbled roads alongside a rushing stream. And in Reisen had lived Ingeborg, so many years and a war or two ago.

Ingeborg, the real reason he'd left Germany with sore heart and undying memories.

Martin settled his wife in their hotel, rented a pug-nosed Volkswagen and immediately headed south, down the broad autobahn. And as he zipped along the clean wide highway, the years began rolling away, one by one.

Ingeborg. She'd been just seventeen, that summer of '45. A valkyrie out of the *Nibelungenlied* was Ingeborg. Beautifully built and tall, with hair like ripe wheat, heavy, pulled severely back. A small patrician nose, firm jaw, eyes as blue as the skies over the mountains after a summer storm, startling, with unreachable depths.

He remembered her exquisite body, there under the gnarled old apple trees, with the tiny swift stream filling the pastel summer day with liquid sound. His hands tightened on the steering wheel. *(I was twenty-three,* he thought. *How could a man reach twenty-three and not know?)*

She had gripped him with surprising strength, strong white teeth biting her lips. *"Liebchen, liebchen,"* she'd whispered, eyes closed, giving herself with a flame that burned clear and blue, like her eyes, consuming, and he'd realized, there under the apple trees, that he'd been the first, for Ingeborg.

The sweat came out on his forehead as he drove along, swiftly, down the multi-lane highway, flashing past the old familiar landmarks, eyes glazed, remembering that first time and all the others during those eleven swift-passing months. Eleven months that had remained with him, sharp and clear, all through these intervening years. ("You've changed somehow," his wife had said, a slow knowledge creeping into her eyes, but she'd never questioned why. He'd tried to stick it out, be the returning hero, go back to the office, but always, there was that first time, beneath the apple tree, with the stream rushing along, murmuring its intimate counterpoint to Ingeborg's muffled cries.)

Martin drove through Mannheim, looking across the Rhine toward the twin city of Ludwigshafen with flat disinterested eyes. In '45 this was all a colossal pile of rubble. Here the *Herrenvolk* had killed at night, with pitchforks, scythes, clubs, the dying gasps of a vicious animal.

He turned sharp left and the wheel felt moist under his hands when he read the sign: "Weinheim, 15 Kilometres." He'd been stationed in Weinheim after the war. From there a small road wound up into the mountains past villages right out of Christmas cards, thatch-roofed, untouched.

One of the villages was Reisen. He could close his eyes, this very minute, and recall every bridge, every landmark. How many times had he trotted down that narrow road from Reisen to Weinheim, bright moonlight washing him, filled with vast exultation, still a little drunk from too much clear Rhine wine—too much clear blue flame that was Ingeborg.

Her folks spoke English; her father had lived for years in Pittsburgh, before returning to the old country with enough money to buy the finest house in Reisen; build the adjoining tavern and settled down to raising a family and enjoying life. In '39, when Ingeborg was twelve, all the fine young men had strapped on their *Jugen* daggers and marched off under the eagle and swastika. Ingeborg had never been kissed by a boy her own age, never been to a country dance or a secret walk along the forest paths with a boy. She had burned all alone, there in Reisen, with the high peaks surrounding the town shutting out, even the roar of the bombers that flew ceaselessly over Germany, pounding flat Hitler's thousand years of glory. The village had been untouched. He was the first American she'd ever seen.

Martin drove through Weinheim impatiently, not even stopping to see the house in which he and seven other guys named Joe had been billeted, each with his own PW to make the fires, heat the water, perform the many little services expected of a *valet de chambre*—and all for free. Past the auditorium they'd converted into a nightclub, complete with twelve-piece PW band, waitresses, liberated Rhine wine, triplesec, cointreau, and harsh 180 proof G.I. alcohol laced with grapefruit juice. Hail the conquering heroes, here at last.

He remembered, now that the narrow road with the sign, "Reisen, 5 Kilometres" was before him, how Ingeborg had quivered, when he picked her up from her broken bicycle. She'd been wearing ski pants and heavy ski boots, with a snug turtle-necked sweater. He spoke to her in his near-perfect German, asking her, with harsh courtesy, where she lived. He put her bike in the jeep and all the way to Reisen, he was aware of her cameo-perfect profile, the vivid lips, the unbelievable freshness of her, with her hair like heavy ripe grain. He had been aware of the large blue eyes, snatching quick fascinated glances at him, and sitting there in the dusty war-streaked jeep, he'd realized, finally, the sweetness of victory. His helmet cocked on his head, sandy beard bringing out the jut of his jaw, his hard tanned arms, jumpboots gleaming, soft and pliable, he'd known how dashing a figure he must have appeared to her. Her eyes, full of small-girl wonder, had told him. It had been a long time since anyone had looked at him like that. A long time. (Never before or since, he knew now. Never had anyone looked at him as Ingeborg had.)

Martin stopped the Volkswagen under the railroad trestle that spanned the road and he got out. It was here, all those years ago, that he'd come upon her suddenly, frightening her, causing her to run into the abutment. He walked to the side of the narrow road. The stream still rushed along. There was the same narrow footbridge across, and there, in the edge of the woods, there was still the same footpath, winding along, following the stream.

How many times had they strolled along there, laughing softly, while he told her of America, and how, as soon as he was discharged, he'd return to take her back to California. And she'd looked at him, her eyes believing fully, for the summer was young then, and he'd forgotten, truly forgotten, that back home, in California, he had a wife who loved him, too. *("Surely you must have more than enough points to come home; we had so little time together, and now, every day is like a year,"* she'd written, and looking up from her letter, he'd watched a white cloud sail majestically over a fir-covered peak, casting a shadow, just for an instant, over an

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satire . . . GARY BELKIN

ILLUSTRATED BY BLAKE HAMPTON

The function of this magazine is to report;
not to criticize.
We therefore disinterestedly report
that the odious Ivy League
styles (obnoxious-looking tight trousers,
stupid-looking skinny ties,
disgustingly-thin lapels,
idiotic caps, superfluous
belts-in-the-back and ridiculous
lily-livered etceteras)
are insidiously corrupting our red-blooded,
he-man, grass roots Amurrican Haberdashery.
Herewith, some examples of this . . .

CREEPING IVY LEAGUISM

a. golf cap styled helmet

b. horn rim sunglasses

c. "natural shoulder" shoulders

d. trim fitting trousers

e. desert boots with cleats

*f. plaid football—oops!—*tartan *football*

g. barrel cuffs

h. matches i

i. matches h

j. argyle, of course

IVY LEAGUE FOOTBALL PLAYER

A passing fancy among fancy passers
are these practical barrel cuffs.
However, most players
are wearing them just for kicks.

IVY LEAGUE CONVICT

**Just the thing for prison riots.
Note paisley lining;
available in crimson, chartreuse and peach.**

a. crew cut, just like all the other fellows

b. school tie (reform)

c. paisley lining

d. narrow cut trousers

e. cordovan loafers

f. button down striped shirt

g. hand sewn emblem

h. flaps, of course

i. matches f

IVY LEAGUE COP

**This officer is in style,
sporting this
arresting navy blue blazer.**

a. horn rim sunglasses

b. button down shirt

c. night stick matches tie

d. narrow flannels

e. matches vest

f. golf cap matches blue blazer

g. badge embroidered in gold

h. brass buttons

i. paisley belt and holster

j. loafers in regulation black

IVY LEAGUE FARMER

**The Ivy League farmer sows
and reaps with
this new slim Italian rake.**

a. straw golf cap

b. button down chambray work shirt

c. paisley ascot

d. button down overall straps

e. flaps on pockets

f. tweed overalls

g. skinny Italian rake with Moroccan leather handle

h. desert boots

IVY LEAGUE MONSTER

No self-respecting monster
would presume to terrify a countryside
without the latest Ivy League accouterments.

a. crew cut

b. school tie

c. skimmer straw

d. raised welt suit

e. handy attaché case (this model comes in cordovan or human skin)

f. suede monster boots

Note: Electrodes on neck are in brass to match attaché case hinges.

IVY LEAGUE SANTA CLAUS

Even the narrowest chimney
can accommodate Santa Claus if
he's sporting Ivy clothes
with that natural look.

a. horn rims

b. crew cut beard

c. natural shoulders

d. snug fitting santa claus jacket

e. candy stripe belt; matches candy stripe muffler

f. narrow cut santa claus pants

g. desert boots

h. fur trim

humor . . . FRED SHARR

If there is one thing you must never *do, it's destroy the derriere of a lady . . .*

Just For The Halibut . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY ELLIOTT FLAGG

BETENOIR BROS.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SPECIALTIES

Squalamook, Oregon

Sunday, Sept. 6

AIR MAIL SPECIAL DELIVERY
Mr. B. J. Betenoir
Popliteal Palms Hotel
Sepulchra Blanca, Calif.

Dear younger brother and junior partner:

Why don't you come right out and admit that Miss MacDonlap's bottom has somehow been ruined, in spite of your presumably frenzied guardianship? Just because you have been there for three days without giving me word or sign that you are still alive doesn't mean I can't read these news tidbits datelined Popliteal Palms.

I see where yesterday one Dakota MacDonlap, 22, exquisite 5'3" Squalamook blonde who recently won the Miss New Applications for Northwest Turpentine Products award of a ten-day vacation at this resort, was rescued from the ferocious surf off Don't Point by approximately forty volunteers who happened to be in her immediate vicinity.

One of them, a Mr. B. J. Betenoir, 24, also of Squalamook, then fainted.

Miss MacDonlap, resisting the vigorous efforts of rescuers to examine her for injuries, cradled Betenoir's head in her lap and insisted that all available first aid be devoted to him.

Other excerpts from this gripping saga include the intelligence that Miss MacDonlap's father is president of the Farflung Plumbing Supplies Co. of Squalamook, and that Miss MacDonlap reports having just officially turned 36, although she still insists her mother isn't measuring around the fullest part.

I herewith miserably unquote.

Who the hell is supposed to be taking

care of whom, there? If you have failed, tell me, Benjy. I can always go back to the halibut canning plant for a living, and you to the ad agency. But say something!

Forlornly,

Herb

POPLITEAL PALMS HOTEL

Sepulchra Blanca, Calif.

Monday afternoon, Sept. 7

Mr. Herbert L. Betenoir
Betenoir Bros. Photographic Specialties
Squalamook, Oregon
Dear Herb:

The surf rescue was a press agent's fake and I fainted only because somebody dropped a moderate boulder on my head. Now please cut out all this wiring and telephoning!

Even as I write, Miss MacDonlap is sitting on a pile of rocks down at the beach! The very property whose well-being I was sent here at great expense to protect is now bearing the hundred-pound weight of its owner on a pile of jagged granite. Insulated, where insulated at all, by one layer of the pants portion of what looks to me like an approximately 15-denier bathing suit.

Furthermore, Miss MacDonlap has been surrounded for all three days by a salivating swarm of crewcuts who when I left there a minute ago were beginning to talk about tossing her in a blanket!

Several of them are six feet three or four, and almost as big as I am in other directions as well. They do not take it kindly when Dakota smiles at me over their heads and pats the rock next to her. I do not take it kindly when she grinds the heart of our contract sideways across that lava to make room for me.

I can't both worry and keep reporting to you all the time. I will now go back down and try to get her to stand up for awhile. The manager requests that you please quit swamping the switchboard.

Please, Herb. Please?

In haste,

Ben

BETENOIR BROS.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SPECIALTIES

Squalamook, Oregon

Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 9

AIR MAIL SPECIAL DELIVERY
Mr. B. J. Betenoir
Popliteal Palms Hotel
Sepulchra Blanca, Calif.
Dear Ben:

Are you so worried as to have forgotten what you went there to worry about? Let me just briefly and balefully review our situation for you.

Brother, we have been commissioned to shoot twelve advertising photo layouts of this hamlet for the Farflung Plumbing Supplies Company. These will portray Dainty Womankind's use of the bathtub since Time Immemorial.

Farflung will present one layout each month for their 1960 promotional campaign. This explains why they need twelve shots, since according to current plans 1960 will have twelve months. Does any part of this begin to come back to you, Ben?

They have provided us with all necessary props, taken from their museum of plumbing supplies. They have even loaned us the young lady who will pose in this equipment for the advertisements. Miss Dakota MacDonlap, impetuous daughter of the Farflung president, was allowed by her indulgently demented parents to do the demonstrating. Naturally, her features will not be visible, but the rest of her will!

As of last Friday, it had taken us eight months to find the somewhat accident-prone Miss MacDonlap with her pelt in presentable condition on eleven occasions. We needed one more shot. We still need one more shot, because that was when she chose to compete in this damn Turpentine contest, with the result a foregone conclusion, and is now dragging her victorious rear around on the rocks of Don't Point, where you were sent with our last remaining cash to keep it from harm!

Benjy, President MacDonlap positively meant what he said when he said he meant what he said about having all twelve layouts ready by next Wednesday, or Farflung won't accept or pay for any of them. They are already six months overdue. This was our first big job, and we have Our All now invested in it.

Dakota MacDonlap's stern absolutely has to be without blemish when she gets back here with it on Monday. She cannot be posed entering the elevator of this magnificent Farflung Rinsomatic Shower of the Future with her aspect all banged up.

Remember how long it took us to complete the March layout shot, after her purple kilt ran when it rained at the MacDonlap clan reunion?

Remember the two-month siege of sulfa it took to get the ad for May, after she stabbed herself strategically with that ancient Roman bronze strigilis while practicing scraping off olive oil?

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A girl as pretty and talented as
Carrie Radisson can only be called . . .

DULCET AS THE DULCIMER

pictorial essay

The girl you see; the dulcimer you don't. But each is as integral to the other as spumoni and tortoni; as rod and reel; as lettuce and tomato.

For the girl is Carrie Radisson and her profession is a unique, almost an extinct, one. She's a professional folk-singer.

And the girl is almost as unique as her chosen profession. Did you

ever see as pretty and well-endowed a balladeer as talented Carrie?

But looks and endowment are not what she's staking her career on.

Carrie hails from a small farming community in the Ozarks of Arkansas. True to the tradition of the hill people by whom she was brought up, she practically was teethed on the neck of her dulcimer. Her abc's consisted of catches and ballads that had been handed down from generation to generation, often tracing their

genealogy through the eastern hill country of the U.S., and still further back to the England of Elizabethan times.

Carrie, however, has not been content to stick to the purely traditional in her upbringing. She majored in folk lore in the institute specializing in that area at the University of Arkansas. There she learned not only theory and harmonics, but at the plunk of an E string, she can trace the history of any blues ditty, any round, any nursery rhyme you can think of.

The dulcimer is Carrie's basic instrument and if you've never heard Andrew Rowan Summers or Jean Ritchie, who have done more to make the instrument known than any other contemporary artists, you've been missing a rare treat.

It's a three string piece of wood that's played horizontally, somewhat like the Hawaiian guitar. You can't get much melody out of it, and chords are almost impossible, so it's used mostly for single string harmony. The sounds it produces are so haunting and eery they're almost impossible to describe.

Carrie has not put all her notes in one G-string, however. She's also more than competent on the guitar

(six and twelve string) as well as the 5-string banjo and the rarely heard lute.

Dulcet Carrie has not yet attained the fame she hopes for in her chosen field. A brief fling at some of the New York clubs gave her a brief taste of the professional experience she needs, but right now she's back home in Arkansas, training, practicing and adding to her already extensive repertoire.

Keep your eye on this young lady. She promises to bring the unjustly obscure art of folk music to the prominence it deserves.

They told Orville and they told Wilbur . . .
but would they listen?

ILLUSTRATED BY RON WING

larks a'wing . . .

humor . . . **LEWIS M. GEDIMAN**

One of the funniest comedy routines to come out of the World War II days was Sid Caesar's thoughtful burlesque of the lone ace fighter pilot with the perpetual smile nailed to his all-American features as, in the course of one epic dogfight after another, he flew star-spangled rings around the enemy swarms.

Although we are now at peace (sic), and although Mr. Caesar's sunny champion of the airways has been handsomely pensioned and pastured by a grateful War Department, the indomitable great good cheer he displayed in the very teeth of calamity still endures—well oiled and combat ready—in the normal workaday routine of our present-day commercial airlines.

To take a representative case, let us suppose that you, an unseasoned air traveler, are planning a short flight from New York to Pittsburgh in order to deliver a basket of holiday goodies to your great-aunt, a recently retired bullpen catcher for the Pirates. From your first telephone call for Information and Reservations to that far-off happy day when your luggage is traced to the Lost and Found office of the Cedar Rapids

YMCA, your association with, let us say, Hilarious Airlines, Inc., is an exercise in consummate courtesy, wholesome conviviality and blithe skylarking the like of which is not easily found elsewhere in the Free World.

Getting back to that first phone call, you will find that no more time is required to establish contact with the cordial carrier than it takes to get the undivided attention of a Western Union telephone clerk on Christmas morning. But no matter; for your patience is more than rewarded when a voice brimful of bonhommie greets you with a bright, brisk and business-like, "GOOD MORNING. HILARIOUS AIRLINES AT YOUR EVERY SERVICE, YOUR VERIEST BECK AND CALL. HILARIOUS IS THE AIRLINES OF THE ANGELS, YOUR STEPPINGSTONES IN THE SKY. DON'T FLY PRECARIOUSLY—FLY HILARIOUS-LY. SORRY, OUR RESERVATION AND INFORMATION LINES ARE BUSY. PLEASE HOLD ON JUST ONE MOMENT. AND THANK YOU FOR CALLING HA-HA HO-HO HE-HE HILARIOUS AIRLINES. THIS IS A RECORDED ANNOUNCEMENT. (Click.)"

A far cry, you reflect, from the piercing pith and moment of the original "What hath God wrought!" and other early electronically transmitted messages. However, there is little time for idle musing; for no sooner have you consumed half a pack of cigarettes and covered eight pages of scratch pad with random geometry than another voice—live, this time—giggles into your ear, "GOOD MORNING. HILARIOUS AIRLINES AT YOUR EVERY SERVICE, YOUR VERIEST—"

"Cut it, sister," you break in, borrowing from George Raft a line he will never miss, "I caught the early show. You hyenas fly to Pittsburgh?"

"Well now, let me see," chuckles Miss Lightheart. (They all are named Lightheart, or Merriweather. Occasionally Giggleheim.) "I think we do . . . but then again, I don't really know . . . funny, isn't it?"

You give her an encouraging "heh heh" at great personal sacrifice.

"Anyway," she offers genially, "I'm pretty sure I can find out for you. Of course, it would save a little time if you could tell me what state it's in. You know, make it easier to look up in this little book I have right . . . Now, wherever can it be!"

There is a great rustling sound, as of countless records, schedules and other important company documents being sifted by an enormous wooden paddle designed for the purpose. "Isn't that just a riot . . . it was here just a minute ago . . . unless that was my astrology magazine . . . don't you think astrology is simply fascinating?"

Well, you and Miss Lightheart pre-empt a cheery half-hour in this manner. When the passage is somehow arranged, she thanks you most courteously for your help and you, in turn, assure her that you were delighted to be of service. You pass the following three days rather pleasantly in a quilted isolation room undergoing treatment for sudden spasms of hysterical laughter.

The next week finds you—quite your old self again, except for a barely perceptible facial twitch—marching confidently up to the Hilarious Airlines check-in counter at the airport. There you find an assortment of ill-favored, but nattily uniformed, adolescent males exchanging French postcards along with elbow digs and unambiguous grins.

A likely looking young group, you muse charitably, and one with such snap, precision and intelligent grasp of the job as normally can be found only in a Howard Johnson's on the New Jersey Turnpike toward the close of a sunny summer weekend.

As you approach, one of the striplings—only that morning graduated from the famed Hilarious Airlines Personnel Training School—calls a reluctant halt in the busy little art exhibition, wipes his chin with a cool blue sleeve, and, amid cries of encouragement from his more experienced fellows, comes forward for his first solo.

The checking-in process, as interpreted by this lad, is a streamlined exercise in modern efficiency, consisting simply of stapling excess baggage receipts to the regular baggage checks to the ticket to the boarding pass to the envelope, and then, with a touchingly generous disregard for office-supply funds, stapling the entire confetti melange to your tie, shirt and rib cage, in that order. Through it all, he maintains not only an air of brisk competence, but also a running catalogue of the airline's and his own good wishes for your pleasant journey, as well as the blank-eyed smile and hebephrenic giggle cultivated to hothouse perfection by all Hilarious employees.

Finally, in a spirit of buoyant camaraderie engendered by your helping him through his first check-in, he draws you aside and, while lovingly reloading his stapling machine, informs you cheerfully that although your flight has as of now been delayed an hour and a half because of unforeseeable stupidity, it will very likely get under way in thirty-five minutes—that's assuming, of course, that the court injunction against the threatened pilots' strike has been issued in time.

Although momentarily annoyed, you realize that it is really very friendly of the youngster to tell you this, since the general rule is for all Hilarious personnel not to give out any information on the whereabouts or scheduling of company aircraft, but to parry all inquiries with nods and becks and wreathed smiles. (There is an exception to this rule: in the case of telephoned requests for arrival times, the clerk may give out any answer he chooses, so long as it brings the caller to the airport at least one and three-quarter hours before, or a minimum of forty-five minutes after, the actual arrival time of the aircraft. This is called the Hilarious Airlines Personnel Initiative Development System.)

The other people on your flight have been lined up for an hour and a half waiting to board momentarily; and the little news item just vouchsafed to you will not be officially posted or announced until that lady at the front of the line—yes, that one with the infant triplets and invalid mother-in-law — sags to her knees and starts to exchange long, low, maniacal chuckles with the beaming boys in blue.

Well, since this is an account of your very first air journey, I think perhaps we'd better not try to cover too much in one sitting. Let us save for another time the continuation of your jolly excursion to Pittsburgh. However, by way of whetting your appetite, let me briefly mention just a few of the high spots of our next session. We will describe the thrilling vibration you feel out on the edge of the taxi strip as the engines are test-

(*turn to page* 64)

humor . . . JACK SHARKEY

ILLUSTRATED BY ISIP

Caught between the fires of a cold war and the frozen death of a hot war, there comes a time when a man reaches . . .

THE SATURATION POINT!

There was an hour till plane time, so the Secretary of State rested in one of the private offices at the Air Terminal and stared expressionlessly at the sunlit landing strip and at the peak of the Washington Monument just showing over the treetops beyond it. He looked ten years older than I knew he was. We just sat there, not saying anything, as only really good friends can.

It was July—which can be pure hell in D.C.—and the air conditioning wasn't working, either, so that little office was as comfortable as a Turkish bath in the Sahara.

I watched a little bead of sweat work its way down through the gray hairs on Charlie's temple and finally spoke up.

"Think this one'll solve anything?" I asked.

Charlie dabbed at his glistening forehead with an immaculate white handkerchief and gave me his no-comment smile. "What do *you* think, Joe?" he asked me, pressing the sodden piece of linen back into his breast pocket. "How many Summit Conferences have we had in the last ten years?"

I thought back ten years, to 1962, and ticked off quietly on my fingers. "Twelve," I answered.

"Have any of them solved anything?" he said wearily.

I shrugged and ran a finger along my wilted collar. "Not so's you'd notice it." I admitted.

(*turn over*)

"May I speak off the record, Joe?" Charlie said, leaning forward and resting his elbows on the top of his black leather attaché case, which was looking rather old and tired itself. That slimmed-down suitcase of his had carried under its lid the fate of our nation many many times during the past few years. Though, as Charlie had told me in conference, it also carried, on occasion, nothing more fateful than a book of crossword puzzles and maybe a salami sandwich.

"Go head," I told him, with a grin. "If I *do* print what you tell me, with no other reporters here, you can always deny the whole thing at your next press conference."

"And don't think I won't," said Charlie, with a ghost of an answering smile. He shook his craggy, leonine head and scowled at the desk blotter. "Joe," he said, in a voice that was mostly a sigh, "I'm not afraid of the Russians. And I'm not angry at the Russians. Nor do I hate the Russians . . ."

"But what?" I said, fanning myself with my fedora.

"I'm just damned sick of them," he said. "Every one of my waking hours seems to be devoted to catering to them. 'Walk softly, Charlie,' they tell me at the State Department. 'Remember, they've got the Bomb!' "

"Yeh," I said, "but so have we."

"That cuts no ice with the State Department," Charlie said. "I have all sorts of orders not to step on toes, not to offend. Cater, cozen and cajole, period. No nasty comebacks or even a frown at the USSR's representative. It's against our foreign policy."

"Really?" I said dryly. "Just what *is* our foreign policy?"

"They haven't expressed it in so many words," said Charlie, who, despite the heat, had a hint of a twinkle in his sad gray eyes, "but Secretaries of State should all be issued a pamphlet on *'How to Imitate a Doormat.'* "

"Kind of gets you down, doesn't it," I muttered, fishing in my coat for a cigarette.

"So much so," he nodded, "that I'd almost like to see matters come to a head for once."

"Charlie!" I said, with mock horror, as I lighted my cigarette, "that's not like you. Would you plunge the world into atomic war just to get this frustration about these fruitless talks off your chest?"

"I don't know," he said, in a voice that made my ears perk up, "I really don't know, Joe." He was mopping with that handkerchief again. As he replaced it in his pocket once more, he gestured at the room in which we sat. "If it's as hot as *this* down there, Joe, I might just snap. Heat does funny things to a man."

I sat up, suddenly alert. "I hope you're not forgetting that this conference is being held in Rio?" I said in a voice so weak it surprised me.

"They'd better have air-conditioners there," he said, with a determined setting of his jaw.

"Charlie," I leaned toward him, blinking some of my cigarette smoke from my watering eyes, "you're pulling my leg, aren't you?"

He looked at me blankly. "Why—" he said slowly, "Of course I am . . . I—I certainly *hope* I am!"

Not quite reassured, but too hot and sticky to really care at that moment, I sank back and tried to relax in that humid oven. The Secretary wasn't seeing any reporters this trip, except, of course, me. But that wasn't because I'd won a Pulitzer Prize for my on-the-spot stories of the Chinese landings in Australia in '68, but simply because Charlie and I had gone to good old P.S. 9 in Manhattan together, more years back than I cared to remember.

I had Charlie's permission to write up a hack-type story of the this-time-we'll-have-peace genre, and to express the Secretary's confidence in a happy outcome. His real opinions were strictly between the two of us, and they weren't making me very happy.

"Too bad you can't just go up to the Russian representative and pants him," I said, chuckling a little.

"And do *what*?" Charlie said, his bemused gaze jumping back from some dreary reverie.

"Pants him," I said. "Remember back at school? What we did to Butchie Brewster when we had that little conference about whose gang got to use the sandlot on Saturday afternoons?"

Charlie's face went slack as he tried to think back, then it suddenly split itself in a grin that was more like the Charlie I used to know, before he drained himself in his hard-headed efforts for world peace.

"I'll be damned," he said, laughing deep in his throat. "I haven't thought of that in years. *Do* I remember! Poor Butchie, trying to keep his attitude of muscled omnipotence, leaving our clubhouse without his trousers. Wow, yes!"

"Served our purpose, too," I pointed out. "He lost a lot of face on the deal."

"Too bad the Russian representative is so much bigger than I am," said Charlie, relapsing into his weariness-on-the-hoof role.

"I'll say," I agreed. "It'd be perfect, Charlie. It's the kind of insult that couldn't provoke a war, but would certainly louse up the representative's standing with the Russian people. An assassinated politician is a sort of martyr. A politician who loses his pants at a summit conference is just a jerk."

"Oh well," said Charlie, "it's a little too much like the early Mack Sennett stuff, anyhow."

"And what's wrong with Mack Sennett stuff?" I argued, brushing the droplets of sweat from my eyebrows. "It's made us a lot of friends overseas. Maybe our nation has just gotten too stuffy. It's no good our being on the just side if we have to be crashing bores at the same time."

"H'mmm . . ." said Charlie. "That's a point rarely brought up in diplomatic circles . . ."

"Oh, now look, Charlie," I said hastily, "I was just making small talk. Don't try to pants that Gorzanov character; he'd wipe the floor with you, Charlie. He's ten years younger, and has arms like he's smuggling cantaloupes in his sleeves."

"True, true," Charlie said, getting to his feet.

"Where you headed?" I asked, as he stepped to the corridor door. "Plane doesn't leave for—" I consulted my watch—"another thirty minutes."

"I'm stifling in here," he said, opening the door. "I think I'll take a walk, Joe. Maybe let the sun dry my shirt for me."

"Listen, boy, you better stay *out* of that sun, the way you've been talking," I kidded, trailing him into the corridor. The long square tube of asphalt tile and plastic was no cooler than the office had been.

"Joe, if you don't mind, I'd like to go alone," he said, all at once.

I halted in midstride, a little taken aback. "Well . . . Well, *sure*, Charlie, if you feel that way," I said. "I hope I didn't hurt your feelings, or—"

"Oh, no. Really, it's nothing like

that," he assured me, giving me a friendly pat on the side of the arm. "I just want to be all by myself for a while. Meet me at the ramp at plane time, okay?"

"Sure. Sure, Charlie," I said.

At one minute before takeoff time, I was standing next to the cute blonde stewardess on the field beside the loading ramp of the rocket plane that would carry Charlie to Rio de Janeiro in two hours' time-of-flight.

As the last of the passengers were boarding the plane, I saw Charlie, finally, coming from the glass doors of the terminal, carrying his attaché case in both arms like a tray, and trotting as though the airline wouldn't hold a flight for the Secretary of State.

"Easy, fella," I cautioned him as he drew abreast of me, panting, his face florid and running with sweat. "You don't want sunstroke to determine the fate of our nation, do you?"

"Sorry, Joe," he grinned. "Didn't want to inconvenience . . . any of . . . the other passengers." He was wheezing a bit too much for my liking.

All at once, I didn't want him to go. "Charlie—" I said, reaching for his arm. Then I stopped. Hell, who was I to interfere with our State Department? Just an old friend. I had no say in the running of the government.

"So long, Joe," he smiled, his breathing still a little raspy, but less hurried. "Here goes the fate of the nation."

I grinned and patted him on the back, and he went up the steep stairs of the ramp in that hot yellow sunlight, with the stewardess following close behind him.

"May I take that for you, sir?" she asked politely, extending her hands for his attaché case as they reached the platform before the gaping doorway of the rocket plane.

"*No*!" said Charlie, curtly. Then, with an apologetic smile, "Sorry, secret stuff. You know."

The attendants pulled the ramp away on its rubber wheels, and the stewardess closed the curved metal door. The sun was getting awfully hot, there on the bare concrete. I turned about and decided to watch the takeoff from someplace in the shade.

I chose the cool chromium-and-formica interior of the glass-fronted lunch counter just behind the rail fencing off the field. I ordered a cup of coffee at the counter, and stirred in the sugar and cream automatically, my eyes squinting toward the gleaming metal fish-body of the stubby-winged rocket plane out there on that big blazing field.

I wondered, all at once, if Charlie *would* give in to the heat and pull a Mack Sennett pantsing on the Russian representative, Gorzanov. The idea of tall, skinny Charlie attacking that simian-shouldered hulk made me chuckle aloud.

"What's so funny?" asked the dark-haired woman behind the counter. "On a day like today, I could use a laugh."

"I was just wondering," I said, jerking a thumb in the direction of the plane, its rocket-tubes sending out geysers of sparks and thin threads of hot smoke, "how the summit conference was going to come out."

"Say, ain't you a friend of the Secretary's?" she asked, all at once. "I thought I saw you seeing him off just now."

"That's right," I said, watching the long, tapering metal plane move faster and faster down toward the far side of the field, the wheels lifting finally from its pacing shadow on the concrete.

"For an old guy, he's got quite an appetite," she said admiringly. "He was in here just before he left."

"Oh?" I said, turning back to face her as the plane became a sparkling dot on the cotton-clouded horizon.

"I guess he figured the meal they serve on the plane ain't enough for him," she said, wiping at a damp spot on the formica with a tired-looking rag.

Some subconscious voice prodded me to ask, "You say he just had a meal here before taking off?"

"Oh, no, he didn't eat here. He took it 'to go,' " she said.

All at once I remembered Charlie carrying that attaché case horizontally, like a tray, and a sinking feeling began down near my stomach. "Took *what* 'to go'?" I asked in a voice I barely recognized as my own.

She gestured at the empty spot at the top of a wire rack on the shelf behind her. "A whole custard pie," she said. ○○

You've heard of fission bombs—one kiloton is equivalent to 1000 tons of tnt in explosive power and I suppose you've heard of the Hydrogen Bomb—one megaton is the explosive equivalent of one million tons of tnt. If you want to be vaporized into Strontium 90 scream. Otherwise hand over $50,000 in fives and tens, fulfill yourself and live a long and happy life.
THE DUDE
LOU Myers

Lift a hot toddy high
and toast the joys
of winter sports.
But first make sure
you're dressed for the occasion,
then . . .

SKOAL!

fashion . . . WILSON CANTRELL

Typical of the best high style ski clothes are the garments worn by these cut-ups at Mount Snow. The gentleman taking his ease in the snow at the left is wearing a fine high quality poplin "Anorak." An exclusive import from the home of the Alps, it's priced at around $18. The imported reversible wool jersey stocking cap comes in multi-colored Roman stripes. The reverse side is in solid colors, around $5.

Stuck on top of the standing skis are the latest thing to protect skiers' skin from the elements. Imported from Peru, each is completely individual, no two

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HEINI MAYR

alike. Made of alpaca, the masks are roughly eight dollars.

Standing to the right of the skis, the laughing gentleman is suitably decked out in an "Ingrid" sweater ($30), is wearing a white head band ($5) and "Libo" stretch pants ($50).

The next skier is earing a "Toni" cap which comes in colors to match anything ($3). One size fits all heads. His heavy Shetland sweater is typical of the bold bulky knits now fashionable, reasonably priced at under $30. His knickers by Zeiler are of corduroy with leather trim ($20). His black "Aldo" knee length socks cost $5.

The gentleman with his hands in his pockets is sporting an "Albino" bear hat ($15), "Libo" stretch pants (around $50) and the "Sepp" a sweater that makes anyone look like a professional skier ($30). The interesting stitching makes for a different kind of texture.

At the top of the page the ski masks are seen in use. If you've ever had the wintry winds tearing at your city face, you'll learn to appreciate the Peruvian craftsmen who made these useful gadgets. To the right some sportsmen help each other don the masks preparatory to soaring down the mountain side.

All articles of clothing courtesy of Norse House, Mount Snow, Vermont. All photographs taken at Mount Snow, Vermont.

ILLUSTRATED BY ALDO RUBANO

fiction . . . JOEL M. RAPP

You'll never read this story in *Variety,* or the *Hollywood Reporter.* But it's been a couple of years since it happened, and I've changed her name to protect the innocent, so I think maybe it's okay if I tell it to you now. It all started about six years ago, that afternoon when she came into my office, looking for representation. We talked for a while, and then she made her announcement:

"I might as well tell you, Mr. Walker. I intend to become a movie star, one way or another."

I leaned back in my chair and appraised the maker of this rather definite statement. In my profession —I'm an independent, and moderately successful talent agent—I meet a lot of girls, all of whom are convinced that they, among thousands,

The spur of ambition can bite deeply . . . so deeply that a girl can only be sure of making it . . . ONE WAY OR ANOTHER . . .

will achieve that elusive status: STARDOM. But somehow, this girl was different. Not in appearance, mind you—I could have thought of twenty off-hand who would pass as her twin if the smog were thick enough and the perceiver didn't much give a damn. You probably know a bunch of the same type yourself: About twenty-one years old, 5'-4", blonde, green eyes, and stacked like the Hollywood Freeway on a Friday afternoon. At least you know them if you're in the picture business.

"Now, if you don't want to handle me, Mr. Walker, I'm sure there must be some other agent in town who will."

I smiled to myself. I wanted to handle her, all right. After all, I had only celebrated my thirty-first birthday six days ago, and even in my job, with its unlimited—uh, opportunities—a man could hardly be expected to run out of gas after so comparatively few miles.

"It isn't exactly that, Miss Moore." I hoped my thoughts hadn't escaped through my eyes. "It's just that this is a tough town. Being beautiful—and you *are* very beautiful—doesn't guarantee a girl success as an actress."

She smiled tolerantly.

"I'm quite aware of that. In fact, back home I think I must have heard it at least a million times. When they were trying to talk me into not coming."

I nodded, quite professionally.

"You may be sorry you didn't take their advice."

She smiled again—sexily, this time. She had the whitest, straightest teeth I had seen in some time. Uncapped.

"I may, indeed."

She shifted in her chair, and I reappraised her in the light of her confident attitude. Strangely enough, I felt a peculiar sensation run through my legs, then continue upward like a pair of bongo drums into my temples. I say strangely, because it isn't often that I'm affected this way. A man gets used to long, curvaceous legs, encased in the sheerest nylon. Really. A man also gets used to Goddess-like figures, exquisite breasts, perfect features accented by ripe, full lips, soft, dewy eyes, and platinum blonde hair, done in the careless manner achieved only through countless hours in the beauty salon. If he has to face it every day of his life, in his business, he'd damn well *better* get used to it. That's why the feeling unnerved me, just a little.

I cleared my throat, and hoped for the best.

"I'll tell you what, Miss Moore. Why don't we both sleep on it tonight."

She rose from her chair, and offered me a well-manicured hand. "I won't contact anybody else till I hear from you," she said. Her trace of a southern accent merely made the pounding in my temples louder than before.

"All right," I said. "I'll call you first thing in the morning."

"Thanks."

She turned and walked out of the office. The walk did it. My head burst wide open and flew all over the room. I sat down in my chair and fumbled for a cigarette, lit it, then leaned back to contemplate. I'd told Bernie Simon, my number one client, that I'd meet him for dinner at seven o'clock at Chasen's, and it was only a quarter of now, so I pulled out the bottle of Cutty-Sark from the desk drawer and took a healthy poke. After about five minutes I turned off the office light, locked up and went outside to my Alfa. I smiled at it knowingly, patted it on its gleaming white fender, then climbed in and pointed it towards Chasens.

All the way over I thought about Janet Moore. Something about her attitude was bugging me. They were all going to be stars—no matter how beautiful they were they had to have that enthusiasm, for a while, anyway. But she had meant it. She believed it. And she'd made me believe it, too.

When I got to Chasen's, Bernie was waiting in a corner booth, nursing a martini. He smiled his big, boyish grin and motioned me into the seat.

"Hya, buddy. Ready for a mart?"

I shook my head.

"I'm on Scotch. Better keep it that way."

Bernie raised a finger and signaled for the waiter. I guess there really isn't any reason for me to tell you about Bernie Simon, but just in case there's anybody here fresh off the boat, I will. Bernie is America's newest rage. The leader of a cult. He's what they call an "intellectual comic." He started out up in San Francisco at a little cellar-type joint, and I'd stumbled in on him one night, strictly by accident. After the show, I steered him to one of the local coffee houses, and after two hours of conversation and cappucino, Bernie Simon was mine. Almost four years went by and I began to wonder just exactly what it was I had. He was just as funny as ever, every bit as irreverent and sharp-tongued, but, as he put it, nobody "dug." Then, as if by magic, he hit. And hit big. It became chic to like Bernie Simon. If you didn't you weren't hip. Like, you just didn't make the scene. All the national magazines were quoting him and comparing him to Robert Benchley and Will Rogers. We were in clover, and just as proof that he'd really made it, Bernie (who, as you know, works without a tie) was allowed the privilege of similar undress in any of the bigger places in town. At the moment, Bernie was scratching at the patch of fur beneath his open collar.

I looked at him absently.

"You know, Bernie, I think she will."

Bernie frowned. "And they say that *I* free-associate."

"A girl I met. She came into the office for representation."

"Yeah?" He hesitated, then he smiled broadly. Bernie was indeed an intellectual, make no mistake. But he was a guy.

"You think she will huh? For both of us, maybe? After all, I'm famous. I'm making lots of bread. What matters that I'm ugly?"

I shook my head.

"I didn't mean that." He looked properly disappointed.

"Oh."

"She said she was going to be a star, one way or another."

He beamed.

"So let's make her a star—one way or another."

The waiter took the order, and when dinner came, I ate silently. Bernie told a few more stories, talked about some new jazz albums he'd gotten, mentioned he'd taken out a 300 SL that morning and was thinking about buying it, and all the time my mind was on Janet Moore. Bernie had what he himself called "individual perception," and finally fell to his filet without further comment. We had some coffee and a

(*turn to page* 70)

CYNTHIA . . .

Rarely do you find a high fashion model face on a womanly body . . . When you do the odds are high the combination will belong to . . .

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI / GRAPHIC HOUSE

New to Hollywood, Cynthia Carter is as excited as a kid at Christmas. Inured to the ups and downs of the fashion modeling game, where ascetic good looks pay off at the ex-

pense of all that is lush and womanly, it is a relief and a new kind of thrill for Cynthia to be able to eat like a normal girl without the fear that one pound gained will cost her a week's wages, or end her career.

Enamored of a brand new Thunderbird she has just bought, Cynthia finds a rare excitement in cruising along next to the Pacific with the top of the T-Bird down and the balmy breezes in her cascading hair.

To her the glamor has never left the tinselled town where Garbo and Dietrich once waged war against mediocrity.

To Cynthia, as to so many youngsters new to Hollywood, the world is her oyster, and she knows *she's going to find the pearl of great price,*

success, staring up at her one of these bright days . . .

Certainly if exciting looks, a fantastic body, and the ability to project every appealing mood known to man has anything to do with it, she should make it.

The casting director who could pass up this girl should be prepared to find a pink slip in his pay envelope five minutes later . . .

And certainly if alliteration's artful aid can help, her name should stick in your memory . . .

Cynthia Carter . . . Cynthia Carter . . . Cynthia Carter . . . You should be seeing it in lights . . . Real soon!

JUST FOR THE HALIBUT

(*Continued from page 38*)

Remember the endless weeks of wondering whether she would need a skin graft, when she insisted on using real lye-and-wood-ashes soap in the Colonial scene for July?

Well, this time we have run out of time. It is Wednesday or nothing.

If all is already lost, please come back now, while there is enough money left for my carfare to the halibut canning factory.

My heart is too full to say more,

Herb

TWX GLOPH TWX
SEPULCHRA BLANCA CALIF.
9-10-59 10:41 AM

H. L. BETENOIR
BETENOIR BROS. PHOTO SPECIALTIES
SQUALAMOOK, ORE.
I REMEMBER. ALSO REMEMBER DELAY DURING YOUR CORNY CLEOPATRA SETUP FOR JANUARY AFTER DAKOTA SAID ANYBODY WOULD BATHE IN THAT HOLLOWED OUT ROCK OUGHT TO HAVE HER ASP KICKED AND SUITED ACTION TO WORDS WHILE STANDING ON WET TILE. ALSO REMEMBER DAKOTA SCHEDULED BE PHOTOGRAPHED GOING DOWN FIFTY-FOOT SLIDE AT BEACH FIVE MINUTES FROM NOW. YOU WANT ME HERE GABBING YOU OR THERE CATCH HER IF FALLS?
BEN

BETENOIR BROS.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SPECIALTIES

Squalamook, Oregon

Thursday evening, Sept. 10

Mr. B. J. Betenoir
Popliteal Palms Hotel
Sepulchra Blanca, Calif.
Well, Benny:

I see by the afternoon wirephotos where we can kiss our business goodbye, and the Popliteal Palms manager can stop worrying about his switchboard since I meditatively ate the telephone while inspecting these pictures of the beach slide episode. To say nothing, or as little as possible, of the later water skiing debacle.

If it's any of my business, how did you happen to let Miss MacDonlap go down a slide that would tear off the back of her pants and person that way? It isn't as if you couldn't get close. Every picture here shows you within two feet of her. Such as this shot of you hauling her howling to the infirmary with a cord or so of splinters stuck in our already hopelessly lacerated former means of support.

Anyhow, since we are destroyed, kindly come back on the cheapest transportation available. Do not try to reach me tomorrow, as I am hitchhiking out to the halibut plant, hat in hand, for an interview toward getting back my job as fin foreman.

Congratulations, I must add, on your photogenic qualities in these nine news shots that the Squalamook Dissenter has all over the front page. Just had a call from president MacDonlap at Farflung, demanding to know if that is my younger brother down there getting his daughter's shorts torn off and lugging her around with her rump full of splinters, and if so, what the hell does he think he's doing.

To which I perforce replied that it is, and he obviously hasn't the foggiest idea of what he's doing, and I'm sure you must agree that this is accurate.

Herb

POPLITEAL PALMS HOTEL

Sepulchra Blanca, Calif.

Saturday Morning, Sept. 12

Dear Herb:

Taking up first things first, I will say that no part of Dakota's seat was sheared off, regardless of what the wirephoto looked like.

I went over that beach slide twice with steel wool, but one of the Turpentine Association press agents later bent up an edge of the sheet metal for publicity purposes, and he must have known his business because all it took off was her shorts and skivvies. What looked to you like a couple of vital discs missing from Dakota was just minor floor burns from the turpentine that they greased the slide with as a publicity stunt.

Secondly, I had no way of stopping the water skiing affair because it was in her vacation contract. The speedboat started sputtering because its carburetor was not set for the turpentine they were trying to run it on. This startled the pilot, and he turned to fiddle with it just as they were going under a bridge, and that was when the ship hit the span.

When Dakota came down on her stalled water skis, they splintered because as yet another publicity gambit they were made of pitch pine wood, which turns out to be not prominently suitable for water skis. My carrying her to the nurse's office was a fifth publicity stunt, thought up by Dakota herself on the spur of the moment.

Absolutely none of the splinters penetrated beyond her bikini, as proved by an inspection which she would not let any-

body but me make, to the great moral indignation of the nurse. Her pants were composed of Ligno-Rock, a Northwest Turpentine Association product made of highly compressed pitch pine sawdust, and an inspiring material it is for anyone planning to ride pitch pine water skis behind a boat running on turpentine.

So this is just to inform you that you are beating your chest needlessly. With two days of her vacation to go, Dakota has only three more Turpentine promotion skits to get through.

In one, she plays a hopelessly split personality after using turpentine shampoo on one half of her head and competing products on the other. In the next, she takes the part of a fiancee swarming all over her man because of the renewed beauty of her engagement ring, which he suggested washing in turpentine.

Finally, on Sunday morning (tomorrow) she shows how to start a picnic fire with a squeeze bottle full of turpentine. None of these should call for any major hazard to her central equipment, and I am confident that when we leave here tomorrow night she will be in a satisfactory state for our final plumbing display layout on Monday.

Hope you didn't make any firm commitments at the halibut plant.

In haste,

Ben

BETENOIR BROS.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SPECIALTIES

Squalamook, Oregon

Monday, Sept. 14

Inmate B. J. Betenoir
Cathartic County Jail
San Sebaceous, Calif.

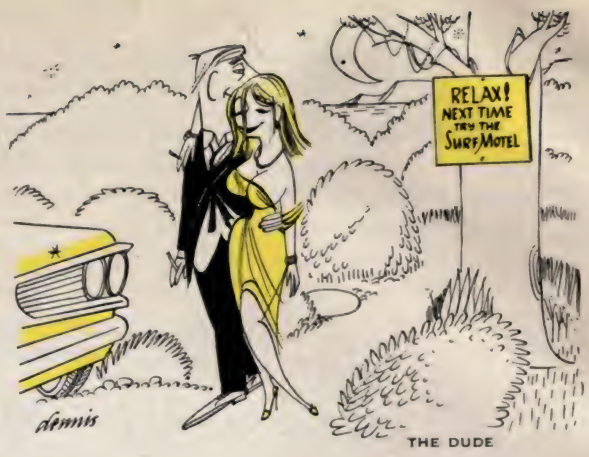
Ben—

Despite your reassurances, my imagination keeps running away with me.

I imagine I am sitting here listening to the news commentators tell us how you are in jail for aggravated assault on the person of one Dakota MacDonlap, Miss New Applications for Northwest Turpentine Products, who is still languishing in the emergency ward of Frau Junipero Serra Memorial Hospital at Sepulchra Blanca.

I imagine that I hear you assaulted the very portion of Miss MacDonlap that you were sent there to preserve from harm.

I am imagining still further that president and Mrs. MacDonlap just left here, after dropping in on their way to the airport to specify in the most gruesome detail what they are going to do to you, to me and to our children unto the seventh generation.



THE DUDE

Although if either one of them gets into your cell while in their present mood, you will not be having any children.

Since it clearly will be some time before I see you, except on visitors' day, please feel free to ignore my request about taking the slow bus back here, and I in turn will presume to go on with my plans for a future in halibut.

Herb

THE EXECUTIVE SUITE

Popliteal Palms, Hotel

Tuesday, Sept. 14

Dear Herbie:

Dad MacDonlap and I have just finished our chat about my directing the Farflung advertising from now on, so in the few minutes before the Turpentine executives arrive for their interview I'll fill you in on the weekend's events.

We got Dakota through the turpentine shampoo incident without difficulty. All she needed was a few coats of medicated shellac on guess which side of her head.

The engagement ring scene got a bit chancy, because you know how Dakota throws herself into a thing, and the chap they had acting as her fiance began responding in kind. Fortunately she was able to bite him before he made any really serious inroads on our plumbing prop.

The trouble arose at the picnic stunt, which called for a few movie pics of Dakota failing repeatedly to light a campfire with damp wood until she thought of spraying it with turpentine. They got the first shots of Dakota and her date fumbling about with no turpentine and no fire. Then came the part where she goes and sits dejectedly on a little hummock to brood about it. Presently her face lights up and she grabs the turpentine squeeze bottle.

The only trouble was, she lit up in

an unscheduled number of colors. She also leaped aloft with a ghastly scream of disapproval and began to clutch and slap at the basis of our contract. Before I could get to her, she impulsively ripped her shorts off, the better to clutch and slap.

It then became evident what the difficulty was. Dakota literally had ants in her pants. Swarms of them. But these, as it later developed, were no ordinary ants. They were fire ants, of which more in a moment.

In this emergency, I naturally began helping her slap at them, and this is where the distorted story of the assault came from. However, hammering at the fire ants only drove their fangs deeper into our fiscal problem. Dakota was shattering all international records for the standing high jump when, in a flash of inspiration, I snatched the turpentine squeeze bottle and sprayed the afflicted area with it.

Instantly, every ant dropped dead. Regrettably, so did Dakota, or almost. The turpentine proved worse than the fire ants, and immediately our display prop turned a brilliant magenta, which has not yet begun to fade out. It all ended up with Dakota in the hospital and me in jail, briefly, until the cameramen testified for me.

Dakota knows I did not turpentine her deliberately, and kept assuring me of this back in her hospital room, after she revived. They have her lying on her stomach under a sort of framework which keeps the sheets from touching the highly sensitive crux of our advertising agreement with Farflung.

While she was comforting me, the door flew off its hinges and her folks charged in, just as you predicted.

"DARling!" Mrs. MacDonlap says. "What has this unspeakable beast done to you?" With that she yanked the sheet off the framework and they stared frozen for a minute at Dakota's deeply colored commodity. Then they started around the bed after me.

"Daddy! Mother!" yelled Dakota. "Don't kill him! He's going to marry me!"

But it was too late. By then, Mom and Dad had their arms around me and were slapping my back and calling me Son in an emotional manner, practically sobbing about how they must have misunderstood the newscast, because this is a species of assault that Dakota has been needing for years, and thank heaven at last there is a firm hand in the family.

At that time the engagement was news to me.

Then, just to complete the confusion, the phone rang and it was the president of Northwest Turpentine Products Association, fairly smothering the seat of my slacks with kisses.

It seems that these fire ants have been migrating northward from Central America for years, and are becoming a national problem. My progressive discovery that they are discouraged by turpentine, he says, may be the most important new application for Association products since the invention of paint. The net result is that Betenoir Photo Specialties is being retained to do all future publicity work for the Turpentine Association. They will be here any minute now to sign the formal papers.

We also still have our contract with Farflung. Or rather you have, since Dad MacDonlap tells me that effective immediately I am his vice-president in charge of publicity, so you will just have to hire a couple of assistants.

I've decided to give you an extra month or so on your contract with us, in getting that final shot of Dakota entering our new Rinsomatic shower. Her local coloration won't matter, since it will be casually but amply draped in a towel. I can't very well have the vice-president's wife featured otherwise in a nationwide campaign.

We will be married as soon as Dakota has healed over sufficiently to participate in a honeymoon, and I hope the Turpentine project will not prevent you from acting as my best man. In the meanwhile, I will thank you to dub in proper toweling on those eleven shots of my fiancee.

Incidentally, you may by now have received a large, reinforced steel box by air express, addressed to me from the Turpentine Association and marked "Hold For Arrival." They promised to send a collection of display materials for illustrating their first advertisement.

In the likely event that you undertook to open this box yourself, not expecting me back there any time soon, let me suggest that you do not slap and hammer at the contents, since this merely drives their fangs deeper into the flesh. Just spray a bit of turpentine on them, and they drop dead.

Affectionately,

Ben

PHOTOGRAPHY BACHMAN ARCHIVES / PHOTO REPRESENTATIVES

With no apologies to Oscar Wilde,
this portfolio presents
a new Italian cinema star . . .

THE PICTURES OF DORIAN GRAY

The new Hollywood, which seems dedicated to the proposition that the further you get away from California, the more like Hollywood in the good old days you get, was never in better evidence than when solid character actor Broderick Crawford went to Italy to appear in "The Swindler," with foreign film star Dorian Gray. Fisticuffs (in the Crawford manner) gave way to romance in the dolce far niente mood of old Calabria. Dorian, not one to languish, proved

that our Latin cousins have more to give the camera than mere histrionics. The combination, if it ever sees the light of the silver screen in these United States, should be something to light up your tired eyeballs . . . Keep a weather eye peeled . . . Crawford and Gray in "The Swindler." There should be more to it than meets the cornea . . .

THE SEX MANIAC

(*continued from page 26*)

ply in his very deep voice that the fellow was a damned sex maniac.

The women were silent when they heard this. They looked at one another. The detective, taking these looks of sorrow to be looks of surprise, nodded and said, "But we caught him all right. Nothing to worry about, ladies." And he smiled in a rather proud way.

The women did not ask the detective to tell them what Mr. Duck had done because they knew without his having to tell them anything at all. But he told them anyway.

It seems that Mr. Duck had been caught in a church on Fifth Avenue —"One of our best churches," the detective was careful to point out— eating a pigeon.

The detective waited for the women to show some expression of horror at this point and when they were not horrified, he went on to explain that Mr. Duck had captured a live pigeon somewhere. He had brought the poor bird into the church. He had then bitten into the pigeon's neck and had stood there before the Cross, drinking the blood of the bird.

The detective could not understand why the women were not horrified even when he came to this detail. The women merely stood there listening patiently, as if they were only waiting for him to finish and be off.

The detective by now was a little annoyed with the women. He went on to tell them how they had checked about town at various churches and it seems that various priests had seen the fellow eating his birds in their churches too. Why none of them had reported him, he, for one, could not understand.

"Imagine, that damned bastard eating live birds right there in church!" the detective exclaimed, shaking his head.

This time they had caught him because an old derelict who had come into the church to warm himself had seen him. The old fellow, the detective told the women, had been afraid he was getting the DT's again and he had run into the street where he bumped right into a patrolman. When the patrolman asked him what was the matter, the old man told him and that was how they caught this sex maniac right in the act, so to speak.

The women asked the detective what would happen to Mr. Duck. He told them he would be sent to Bellevue for observation. Then they would send him to some sort of an institution.

"You can't let maniacs like that walk around," the detective said. "There's no telling what they'll do. Fellows like that are capable of anything."

Several days later a policeman came to the house to fetch Mr. Duck's things. He had only one suitcase. One of the women packed the bag while the patrolman stood by and watched.

"Oh, I've seen a lot of these fellows," the patrolman was saying as the woman packed the bag. Three of the other women stood about watching.

"They're all the same," the patrolman said. "The damned bastards are worse than murderers if you ask me."

The children asked what had happened to Mr. Duck. The women explained that he had gone on a trip. Would he be back? the children asked. The women shrugged. Perhaps, they said.

"Poor fellow," one man said.

"Do you remember that story of his about the horse and the alligator?"

"The horse and the elephant, you mean."

"Yes. Yes, that's it. The horse and the elephant. Funniest damn story I've ever heard." He chuckled, remembering.

"The horse had to grow wings . . ."

"Yes . . ."

"Poor bastard."

Two weeks after Mr. Duck was sent away, his room was rented to a middle-aged lady by the name of Mrs. Swanson. Mrs. Swanson had never been married, but she called herself Mrs. She had a white and brown cat and a blue phonograph. She worked in an office of some kind. None of the women ever found out exactly what sort of an office it was. She was not a particularly friendly person. She would say good morning and good evening. She dressed very well, but she hardly ever smiled.

At nights she would sit in her room with the cat and listen to records of Brahms and Beethoven and Chopin. She played only the finest music. But she played it so loud that everyone in the house cursed her, banged on ceilings and walls and floors. Mrs. Swanson was a very serious person and she was so carried away by the music she listened to, she never did hear the banging or the cursing or the shouts in the hallway for her to turn that damn music down a bit.

And that was the way it went on. There was hardly ever a peaceful evening in the house since the sex maniac had been sent away.

THE DUDE

ABSOLOM

(*continued from page 32*)

old ruined castle, vine-covered, and he'd crumpled the letter despairingly. Who was this woman who wrote so possessively? He'd never known her. This was his country, and here his true love was.)

Martin rounded a curve and before him the canyon widened. There was the meadow, lush, postcard perfect, with the meandering stream, and beyond, the old gnarled apple trees, incongruously in bloom, like old ladies in pert spring hats, fragrant. He slowed the little car again. Just there he'd shown her how to catch the little green grasshoppers and tie them to a hook. How to cast from bank to rock to stream and so fool the wily brown trout. And afterward, in the tall cool grass—the utter perfection of her body, blurring somehow, vague, blending into the light and shadow under the apple trees, only her voice, husky, urgent, was clear.

Beyond the trees, the village came into sight. His heart began to pound violently; perspiration made his clothes cling. The old thoughts, never really dead, scurried through his mind as he wound the car through the narrow streets and began the long slow climb up to the house across the bridge.

The old familiar route. Nothing had changed. Nothing. For an instant he looked down at himself, amazed at the gray slacks, the tweed jacket, the civilian look of him. There was the house, there the tavern, and beyond, the blue-black hill rose to the cloud-dappled sky. It was as it always had been.

In a moment she would come out of the wide heavy door, walking slowly, trying not to show to prying eyes that she was going to meet her lover, as if she could ever conceal the glowing grace that cried aloud of her love.

Martin stopped the car and sat for a moment, breathing as though he'd run all the way. And in a sense, he had been running. Ever since they'd finally shipped him out of Germany, he'd been running. Running from the future, the drab vista of wife and job, stretching unendingly ahead, receding, receding from the stream, the apple trees, the sound of a voice: *"Liebchen, liebchen . . ."*

But he was here and nothing had changed. There was the tavern, even the window half-opened, as he remembered it. He drove slowly to the side of the tavern. He saw, as he passed, the people inside, watching him, talking their quick jargon. He looked up. There was the window of Ingeborg's room, with the low sloping roofs beneath. (How many nights, invincible in love, had he scaled that roof and thrown a leg over that window sill, to meet her, she ever ready, her lips on his even before he was inside . . .)

Martin trembled, his whole body aching, a tension, he remembered with dull wonder, like that when they'd been approaching a strong point, waiting for the first burst of machine-gun fire, or the grenade to come lobbing out. He looked up at the window, every night he'd spent there clear in his mind, the slow turning of the earth, framed through those narrow panes: the soft night with the window pale blue beneath the banked snow, their beating hearts the only sound to break the utter stillness. The rain-slashed nights, the window leaping into view with lightning thrusts, and Ingeborg clinging while thunder rocked the room. Perfumed nights, with the sky a patch of sequined velvet and tomorrow far far away . . .

"Bitte?"

He started violently. It was the old man. *Her* father. A little stouter, hair solidly gray now, but looking remarkably the same. Obviously, he didn't recognize Martin.

"You would like to come in, perhaps?" the old man said.

Martin looked over to the tavern door, and there, just inside, hands on hips, her hair pulled back, skin a marvelous golden tan against the white blouse she wore, there was Ingeborg. Her head was turned away from him as she talked to someone obscured in the cool darkness within the tavern.

He stared. Straining forward, heart pumping furiously, Martin stared. She hadn't changed. The passing years might have been fleeting minutes. Still tall, the same long legs, slim. She turned, shielded her eyes from the sun and looked past him, down to the bridge. On her left hand a ring winked brilliantly, sending out cruel shivers of broken light. Then she stepped out into the courtyard and behind her, a man, hair like pale gold, tall, taller even than she, followed.

He, too, looked down toward the bridge, then he smiled, teeth a startling white against his tan, eyebrows bleached to near invisibility. He put an arm about her waist and pointed toward the bridge, laughing gently. She looked up at him, her hair touching her shoulder, her mouth quirking humorously. He said something to her. They glanced once, detachedly, at his car, then, brushing together with easy familiarity, they went back inside.

He clutched the wheel, the perspiration streaming down his body; his legs shook and trembled. *("Liebchen, liebchen."* The vibrant husky voice, murmuring in his ear, the fierce young strength of her. *Oh God! Oh God! Why did I come back? What did I expect? Hope?)*

"Bitte?" the old man said, curious. He leaned in. "Perhaps you have lost the way?"

"Yes! Yes!" Martin said wildly. "I have lost the way." He spun the car around in the cobbled courtyard and then went back down the narrow road. He slowed as he approached the tiny bridge across the stream. A small blonde boy was fishing there; alongside him, on the low bridge wall, was a glass jar, filled with little green grasshoppers, and it was then Martin began to weep.

LARKS A'WING

(*continued from page 44*)

raced before takeoff — forty-seven minutes before takeoff. And you will meet your truly ravishing hostesses, Amy Dimplecheek and Naomi Grinsmirk, who—as you and the other half-starved passengers beg for the promised dinner — merrily peddle round after round of double martinis to a group of florid size 44-stouts on their unsavory way to the splacked grimmidge jobbers' convention in Fairmont, West Virginia. And over the loudspeaker there will be an earsplitting static accompaniment to some amusing flight-statistics patter by your pilot, Capt. J. C. ("Blind Jake") Trueheart, and co-pilot, Russell H. ("Thumbs") Strongly. Also, we will describe how, upon arrival in Pittsburgh, you will enjoy a thoroughly heartwarming assembly of provoked humanity at the Hilarious Airlines baggage claim counter. And,

of course, the strike referred to briefly by the clerk in New York is called after all, and you are hung up in Pittsburgh for three weeks listening to your great-aunt's Honus Wagner stories.

But enough of this preview of the delights in store for you next time. There has been more than enough material in today's discussion to keep you busy. The factual data thus far presented—concerning the modern-day refinements simply in getting the passenger to within sight of the aircraft — should be studied carefully, with a diligent eye, as always, to our eventual goal—mass passenger retaliation.

THE DUDE

"Aren't you the magician who hypnotized me last week at the Bijou Theater, Master?"

A POSITIVE MUST

(*continued from page* 10)

"Of course."

"What will we do with them?" Mendez said.

"Keep them until we are sure the American press knows all about it and is plenty hot under the collar . . . We can hurry things up by sending a letter to the *Miami Herald*—a letter in the form of a proclamation, informing them of the reasons for our actions. We'll insist they print it on the front page."

"After we kidnap them," Mirofuentes said, "where will we keep them?"

"Right here."

"And we must feed them. Remember that."

"We haven't even enough to feed ourselves properly," Mendez said.

"No sacrifice is too great," Vargas said with contempt. "Are you a revolutionary or a voluptuary?"

"Where will we find these Yankees to kidnap?" Mendez said. The idea that the kidnapped would have to be fed gave him an excellent motive for opposing the plan. "Yankees are scarce in Havana. Business has never been so bad."

"That's a point," Mirafuentes said. "The ones we kidnap must be only tourists, and not of any great importance."

"We'll look in the Mambo Club," Vargas said. "Where there is a whorehouse, there is certain to be Yankees."

Business was slow at the Mambo Club. A policeman dozed in a wicker-chair just to the right of the door, the bartender, his elbows propped on the bar, was reading *El Diario Del Marina*, and six of the girls on the staff were chattering in a semi-circle at the rear of the bar, under a gilt mirror and an oil painting of a nude with a cat on her lap. Even Rosalinda, who was regularly asked to entertain visiting dignitaries, who had once been flown to the Dominican Republic in the private plane of a General in that country's army, was reduced to discussing the National Lottery with her older sister, Feliciana.

At the appearance of Ralph and Henry, a polite stir came from the girls. The group loosened, made as if to dissolve, but essentially held fast; these were girls who had been taught to preserve their dignity, to behave like ladies and not to flock around clients. Besides, it was well known that Ralph and Henry were regular clients of the sisters.

Hand in hand, flashing teeth and the shy twist of a pair of insinuating hips, the girls greeted the Americans. Speaking in English, Feliciana invited them to a foursome in a chummy corner. Drinks were ordered; Feliciana lowered her eyes, pursed her lips and popped a quarter in the juke box. On came a hollow mambo of syncopated grunts and breaks. Cuban or not, the only music which the fastidious Feliciana enjoyed was grand opera; a taste she had acquired while living in New York with a German jeweler of refinement; a refugee from Hitler to Cuba and then on to the United States. It was during this period in her life that Feliciana had learned English. As it turned out, speaking English was her most valuable asset; once she understood that most men prefer conversation to love-making (How did you get in this business anyhow?), she was able to successfully compete with her younger, prettier sister.

Hilarity arrived with the drinks. Feliciana and Ralph danced the mambo; bumpty-bump, she encouraged her eyelids to droop, hips to sway, lips parted with a glimpse of white teeth glistening and the darting of a pink tongue; the pelvis grinded up and away with the head thrown back and the long hair flying recklessly and I-don't-care I-don't-care. Four times she had seen Rita Hayworth in *Gilda*.

To herself, herself alone, Feliciana confided: This act she called *Spanish Passion:* the Magnum Opus in the satiric lifetime of a lady of pleasure. Satire, irony, the compressed smile, all that she had learned from the German of refinement who tolerated melodrama and other grand passions

only in opera and classical ballet.

As they danced, Ralph chortled happily, patted her delightedly during an involved break and said: "What is a sweet kid like you doing in a place like this?"

Back at the table, she decided she liked Ralph as well as the German; she could live happily without either, but since they were all contributors to the same charade (Oh! Oh! You are wild! Gloriously wild!) she felt a warming bit of camaraderie.

They drank. They pinched each other and danced. Henry sang *Bei Mir Bist Du Schön* to Rosalinda, while strumming the venetian blinds behind him like a harp. "I'm laughing on the outside," he said . . . "laughing on the outside," and strummed the venetian blinds.

"But crying on the inside," Ralph came in on the chorus.

"In spades."

"How about we get him eaten up by ants. You know, the staked out on the ground with honey spread on the head bit."

"You're pressing," Henry said.

"You're overtaxed. Relax. Tomorrow we'll tackle it fresh. Tomorrow you'll be a tiger." He pounded Ralph on the back and gave Rosalinda a little squeeze. "You're the ever-lovin'-sweet-grabbin'-end."

"Si," Rosalina said and giggled.

"Get him to hurry it along," Feliciana said to her sister in Spanish. "On what we make from the drink buying, dumbhead, you can't buy a box of Chiclets."

"What did you say? Speak English."

"I was telling my sister how much I wanted to make love to you."

"Yeah . . ."

"Loofeen," Rosalinda said with dimples. "Now . . . hurry up . . . okay?"

"You said it, sweetpea."

"We go to the backroom now?" Feliciana said.

"Sure. A particular, particular backroom, where we can pass the bottle back and forth and gab."

Vargas let the bottom of the venetian blind drop. He snarled and faced his comrades. His hand scrambled into the pocket of his jacket and came out with his revolver. "They're getting up," he said. "Let's get the bastards! The tall one almost took my eye out strumming on that goddamn venetian blind."

"They're only heading for one of the rooms in the back," Mirofuentes said.

"Let's go right in the front door," Vargas said. "I can also shoot that sleeping pig of a cop."

"We can easily get them when they're in the backroom with the girls."

"And we can see the girls as well," Mendez said.

"The front door," Vargas said. "That pig of a cop is a clay pigeon."

"We'll wait until they're in the backroom," Mirofuentes said emphatically, and the others nodded.

"Locusts," Ralph said from his end of the double room. "The seven year locust bit . . . they like eat up his whole plantation, the air is so thick with the little buggers, you can't see the stand-in's face. We get the effect with little hunks of paper and a buzzing noise off camera . . ."

To her sister, Rosalinda said in Spanish: "You like the black ones with the straps, or the red without the straps?"

"Lay off," Henry said. "You gotta stop thinking about business."

"The red without the straps," Rosalinda said in Spanish, "are more ladylike . . ."

The door flew open. Vargas, Mirofuentes and Mendez burst into the room. Vargas was waving his revolver and Mirofuentes held a finger to his lips.

"What the hell . . ."

"Who the hell . . ."

"Please make no noise, señor. Everything will be all right if you just cooperate . . ."

"Cooperate!" Ralph shouted. "Cooperate!"

"This room is occupied, señor," Rosalinda said in Spanish.

Henry walked over to Vargas and put the tip of his finger in the muzzle of the gun. "Did Wain Lane send you jokers? Even from a hospital, this would be that creep's idea of a gag."

"Let me kill 'em," Vargas said, yanking his pistol free. "It'd serve the pigs right."

"I assure you this is no joke, señor," Mirofuentes said. "We are members of the Federation for the Reestablishment of Freedom and Liberty in Cuba, and you are being kidnapped as a protest against the foreign policy of your country."

"Are you nuts?"

"We got nothing whatever to do with the foreign policy of our country."

"Let me kill 'em," Vargas said, "and get it over with.'

"Please get dressed, señors. We have no time to waste."

"And we got no time to be kidnapped."

"Get dressed!"

Vargas was waving his pistol. Both girls had pulled the sheets to their chins. "I think these nuts are for real," Ralph said.

"Real or not, the gun is for real."

"I feel like the Lindbergh baby."

They pulled on their clothes and stopped to say goodbye to the girls. "You have to pay us before you leave," Feliciana said.

"What for?" Henry said. "We just got here."

"But you are here."

"Are you for the cause of Cuban Freedom and Liberty?" Ralph said, pointing to Vargas' pistol.

"Of course," Feliciana said quickly.

"Then consider your fee a donation."

Mirofuentes led them to an ancient Buick parked in an alley behind the club. They were jammed into the back seat between Vargas and Mirofuentes. "We better not let them see where we're taking them," Mirofuentes said.

"Dead men can't see a thing," Vargas said.

"Or eat a thing," Mendez said from the front seat.

Mirofuentes took two handkerchiefs from an inside pocket of his jacket and began tying one around Ralph's face. "You blindfold the other one," he said to Vargas.

As the blindfold was stretched across his face, Henry grabbed the sleeve of Ralph's silk shirt. "A blindfold, for Christ's sake—a blindfold!"

"He gets kidnapped and blindfolded . . ."

"You can't see his face . . ."

"Punishment, redemption and you can't see the stand-in's kisser."

"Sweetheart . . ."

"We're in . . . we're in . . ."

The Buick started up. Ralph and Henry, their blindfolds in place, were carried off, laughing and singing and pounding each other on the back.

"Goddamnit," Vargas said, "you shoulda let me kill these maniacs . . ."

PERFUME SPOKEN HERE

(*continued from page* 13)

as M. Cournand said to Mr. Wallace, to conduct the most thorough studies we have of the erogenous nature of perfume. A leading investigator among them is Dr. Paul Jellinek, a perfumer of more than thirty years' experience and a scientist and philosopher in the field of aroma.

In his monumental work, *The Practice of Modern Perfumery,* Dr. Jellinek describes the many services olfaction renders to reproduction among the flora and fauna, and relates them to the purpose behind such human customs as rubbing noses, dancing and embracing. These proximity-inducing customs may be vestiges of the influence of the sense of smell in the sex life of early man, he suggests, or may indicate that this influence is still more active than most people realize.

"The odor of the healthy and clean unclothed human body," he says, "stimulates the sex instinct," and man-made fragrances are designed specifically to enhance the *tirance* of the body's natural fragrance. "A woman who uses perfume does so, consciously or subconsciously, as a result of her sex instinct, using it as a means of attraction, or in other words, as an aphrodisiac." Hence "a perfect perfume must contain components which are erogenic," and these are chiefly the substances of animal origin. However, they must be used so sparingly that "the mental associations induced by them remain in the subconscious mind. The perfume has no erotic effect and its odor is objectionable when on smelling it an animal note is consciously recognized."

In addition to its erogenic components, says Dr. Jellinek, a satisfying perfume must contain other ingredients whose effects are (1) narcotic, (2) anti-erogenic (refreshing), and (3) stimulating. He offers a four-sided diagram, resembling a baseball diamond, on which he indicates the properties of his four types of odor effect and correlates them with the four (by his count) basic types of women, which he identifies by the color of their hair (red, blonde, brown and black) and accompanying sensual characteristics.

"The object of the harmony we wish to achieve is an erotic overall effect," says Dr. Jellinek of his master plan for matching types of perfume to types of women. It is a laudable objective, certainly, but unhappily his solution embodies the same drawbacks as other, less erotically centered formulas which have been proposed. Dr. Jellinek states that it was "with experience and with some imagination" that he arrived at hair color as "the most striking and erotically the most important characteristic of a woman," and assigned the four types to their respective sides of the diamond. With due deference to Dr. Jellinek's scientific equipment, it may be suggested that in the experience of other men, women with all of these hair colorings have been caught off the base lines he places them on, and even way out in left field. In attempting to follow the Jellinek system, too, a man might make overtures to a blonde with a gift of perfume chosen to match her supposed erotic makeup, only to find, on getting to know her better, that nature had originally fashioned her a brunette.

The main obstacle to working out such correlations, of course, is that women and perfumes are about equally difficult to classify according to their chief characteristics, let alone the fine shadings that make each specimen uniquely individual. Only an extremely wise or extremely foolish fellow would attempt a complete assessment of the ingredients of a given female. In the simpler matter of perfumes, any one of them, in whatever general category it may fall, is a complex mixture of at least twenty-five, and often one hundred or more, different substances—essential oils of flowers, fruits, pods, spices, leaves, stems, roots, bark; synthetic aromatics; and animal substances—in combinations that vary widely from one perfume to another in the same group. The separate ingredients themselves are not simple; many essences are not single chemicals or compounds, but what chemists call mix-

"Did anyone turn in a pair of baby blue eyeballs?"

To me, my melancholy baby...
Here's a sure cure for the blues... These fringed Bikini beauties, of 40 denier Nylon come in White, Scarlet or Jet Black. Packaged in a stimulating, simulated patent leather box that she'll treasure too....
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tures, made up of many different substances. In some cases, the substance that gives an individual ingredient its odor may be only a fraction of one percent of the total, and may not be susceptible to chemical analysis. But a keen nose can detect its presence—even when each molecule of the odorous substance is diluted with billions of molecules of air.

Because there is much about the mechanism of scent that eludes scientific explanation, the concoction of perfumes is less a chemical technique than an art, dependent on instinctive human judgment and perceptive powers that verge on the supernatural. The French give creative perfumers the title of Monsieur le Nez, or Mr. Nose, in honor of the chief implement of their art. A skilled Nose can distinguish more than six thousand separate odors, and is gifted with an intangible, indefinable genius for sensing which combinations of essences will produce which results.

It is unheard of for a woman to aspire to the wizardry of the Nez, and thus the fabrication of perfume is in safe hands from our viewpoint. There is further assurance, and a general guidepost for the shopper, in Dr. Jellinek's attestation that no perfume becomes or remains a leading *marque* unless it achieves the sensual aims he has described for us. The degree to which any one does so, in combination with any one wearer and any one inhaler, can probably only be determined by creative experimentation. But no adventurous swain should begrudge the cost of applying a series of fine test scents to a series of choice test females, so as to arrive at a combination, or combinations, exactly to his fancy.

He should draw inspiration, not discouragement, from a final complicating factor. It is that the human skin, by its individual odor and biochemistry, interacts with any perfume so as to create an entirely new scent, and possibly one that is unique in each instance. It may be with this fact in mind that Revlon assures users of Intimate that they will be identifiable in the dark. At any rate, many scientifically grounded authorities have noted the varying interactions between flesh and scent, and their findings give us one more indication of the folly of attempting to choose a perfume by sniffing various samples applied to salesladies, as my friend George tried to do.

Here, too, we are given corroboration for part of an essay entitled "The Fun of Perfume," by Virginia Meredith, which appeared in the cosmetics-trade magazine *Beauty Fashion* and which I quote for the light it throws on the feminine side of the troublesome semantics of the question.

"Lucky is the girl and woman who learns that it's fun, fun, fun to wear perfume," Virginia begins blithely, and offers as a prime illustration, "It's fun to have your dinner party host follow your car down the street because 'That's a delightful perfume you're wearing . . . delicious!' "

Fun for *her,* maybe, but what about her host? Evidently he is chasing her through traffic on foot, and she has the top of her convertible down, the better to hear his pitiful cries and to taunt him with the backwash of her tantalizing aroma. The stuff she has doused herself with probably has a perfectly innocuous name, betokening to her only the merriest sort of flirtation, but its ingredients have obviously engendered a case of galloping satyriasis in her host, leading him to risk life, limb and reputation in the pursuit of his mirthful and elusive dinner guest.

With a lead foot on the prose accelerator, Virginia soon revs up to: "And it's fun to know that no one else in the world can smell exactly as you do, even though she wears the same fragrance, because you yourself are an ingredient which gives as specific an individuality to the perfume as the perfume gives to you. . . .

"It is curious to think that you and I and Mary Jane—that each one of us is just as important to a fragrance as the fragrance is to us. That's exciting in itself, to think of oneself as an element which even an old research chemist cannot put his finger on!"

There's no telling what makes Virginia think that once she—or the girl she's addressing, or Mary Jane—has left her dinner host exhausted or struck down by the wayside, she is still threatened by a nameless old research chemist who is intent on molesting her. But that's the way some women are, and with one of this sort, it will take more than perfume to strip away the effects of faulty upbringing and advance that rapprochement between the sexes which perfumes, as we have seen, are intended to effect.

How about a nice gift bundle of booze? ○○

RIGHT DRESS

(*continued from page* 4)

clothes and white tie and tails; the suit department, where Mr. Tumarkin pointed out ensembles which would be sold across the country from Neiman Marcus to DePinna; the sportswear department, where we spotted some of the finest Indian silk sports coats; and finally the overcoat department where we saw row on row of coats of all descriptions.

Belle was having a ball and so was I. Mr. Tumarkin commented that the trend this year would be toward shorter coats—a definite rise over yesteryear's ankle length.

I looked at what was expected to be the greatest style innovation in years and what was probably the only coat I had seen lately that had a real personality. This was a black wool coat, double breasted (they'll be big this year, too), with a fabulous Persian Lamb collar, hand tailored, with half moon pockets (see picture two). Mr. Tumarkin predicted that the half moon pockets would sweep the country. They were the next style after the now old-fashioned slash pocket. This coat was slated to sell at "social register stores."

The coat is expensive, and looks it, too. So was Belle and she looked it, too. I thought the two would go well together, so, having already hired Belle, I bought the coat.

Baker Clothes also makes coats in other price ranges, from $100 to $450. The $450 coat is vicuna, but I still think mine with the Persian lamb collar looks better. After all it's the same type of coat worn by Prime Minister Macmillan and Premier Khrushchev and countless Hollywood stars.

"How do you like it, Belle?" I asked. "I like it fine," she said, ruffling the Persian lamb and wishing she had one like it, too.

I put it on, bade farewell to Mr. Tumarkin and the Baker people and Belle and I walked out to our Rolls-Royce. As I entered the car, I couldn't help hearing a passerby whisper, "Isn't that Clark Gable?" The coat did make me look a little like Gable, I mused.

Belle and I rode out into the night. It was chilly and I guess we were both in an amorous mood. She stopped the car on a dark side road and crawled into the back of the Rolls with me and my Baker overcoat. She snuggled up into the Persian lamb collar and opened the coat, my suit coat, my shirt, and rubbed my chest. She laid her head on the Persian collar and sighed. "This is so comfortable and warm," she said. It was *very* warm to me.

"But you'll have to do me a favor when we get back to the city," said Belle.

"Anything your lovely heart desires, my pet," said I.

"I've got to have a larger uniform. I need at least a *42-22-35*—I think I've grown a little . . ." cooed Belle.

"Wonder what could have caused it?" I smiled as I whispered into her ear.

OO

PUB-LICLY YOURS

(*continued from page* 4)

The large neon dragon which hangs over the entrance beckons as enticingly as Myrna Loy did when she played Dr. Fu Manchu's daughter in yesteryear's cinemas.

The entrance door is carved in large Chinese lettering, which, my interpreter informs me, means Golden Dragon. Inside, a 65-foot golden dragon is painted on the ebony ceiling and its startling appeal is made more vivid by the projection of indirect pink lighting which encircles the room. Incidentally, the art work on it was done by Jimmy.

The smart furnishings keep to the sexy pink-and-black motif and are reflected in two mirrors running the length of the two side walls. Over one hundred people can be accommodated easily.

The modernly equipped kitchen produces such specialties as Lobster Cantonese (made with black bean sauce) and Cashew Chicken (prepared with breasts of chicken, water chestnuts, chinese pea pods, fresh bamboo shoots and cooked in a savory sauce). Modest prices range from $2.25 to $5 per person with family dinners for two starting at the very reasonable $3.70.

New York, as previously noted, is loaded with Chinese restaurants but in recent years and especially since Hawaii blossomed into Statehood, Polynesian parlors have become popular.

To me, the most Polynesian-flavored is the Luau-400 Restaurant, at 400 East 57th Street.

When you walk in, you leave the mainland and say aloha to Hawaii and the South Seas via enchanting settings created by noted theatrical designer Watson Barratt. For example: The rare Hawaiian Monkey Pod Tree was chosen for the solid wood table tops because of its unusual beauty and grain. These ancient trees were full grown when Captain Cook discovered the Sandwich Islands (later renamed the Hawaiian Islands).

Authentic masks worn by ancient island chiefs adorn the walls. Native huts duplicate those in Sumatra, Bali and Java. Wood carvings by Benning of Honolulu in the Polynesian Room, an original Leeteg gracing the Tamaara Room and other features such as palm trees and a real cooling waterfall complement each other.

The menu, under chef Billy Pang's watchful eye, is The Most, believe it or not. (Pang served as personal cook for famed collector of the rare and unusual, Robert "Believe It Or Not" Ripley.) Specialties include Lobster Sayonara, Shrimp Balinese, Chicken Moki and Beef Islander Tenderloin Filets. The Luau's famed $2 Pu Pu Platter (Egg Roll, Tim Sam, Shrimp Vela, Rumaki and Spare Ribs) gets a big play. A la carte luncheons and dinners begin at $2.50.

This Leilani-land paradise's drink concoctions include such picturesque potions as Maiden's Downfall (I

wonder why so many of the ladies dig this beverage?), Pina Paradise, Polynesian Flame and Zombie.

Arthur Shindler hosts this heavenly haven, abetted by such key personnel as: Tutasi Wilson, once Dorothy (Sarong) Lamour's stand-in at Paramount, in charge of special events; the Hal Aloma Trio, for musical entertainment; and Momikai, former featured songbird on the Arthur Godfrey TV program and the Lexington Hotel's Hawaiian Room.

It has been said that nightclubs are rarely known for their cuisine but I know of any number from coast-to-coast which can match theirs with the finest "strictly dining" places. One is A. Bimbo Giuntoli's 365 Club, 1025 Columbus Avenue, San Francisco.

Don't let the nomenclature of this smiling Italian immigrant (probably known more than any single person to San Franciscans) fool you. It has nothing to do with a little-used term denoting a distaffer whose reputation has taken a tarnished turn. Bimbo's rep is peerless. In fact, the city government passed several resolutions honoring him for his fine charitable and civic ventures over the years.

Come July, he'll raise a glass to his thirtieth anniversary as proprietor of the 365 Club, making it one of the oldest nightspots in America operating under one name and one ownership. It is universally known for the "Girl In the Fish Bowl." Thousands upon thousands have gazed at the completely nude lass swimming in a revolving bowl mounted on a pylon in the center of the Dolphin Room.

The main dining room holds almost three hundred. Bimbo's steaks rate with the best. So do other specialties, like roast beef. Top names like Constance Moore, George Liberace, Jack Durant and Arthur Lee Simpkins play there. The Flambeau Lounge also features entertainment, as does the Trophy Room, where The Internationals perform nightly at the piano-bar.

The ten chorus chicks in the floor show wear costumes costing $1,200 apiece.

Which reminds me: Does Aly Khan know that, once upon a time, his ex-princess, Rita Hayworth, graced Bimbo's line?

She'll always have the time . . .

This exquisite time piece is surrounded by dazzling stones . . . mounted on an all silk garter made even more feminine by fine lace frills. A wonderful example of the watchmaker's art, each with a guarantee. It can also be worn as a lapel watch. You can't go wrong for only $19.95 tax included.

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ONE WAY OR ANOTHER

(*continued from page* 52)

piece of hot apple pie with cheese, and I got up to go.

"You hung on this chick, buddy?"

I didn't think so, and I told him. He looked at me with a sagacity unbecoming the funniest man in the world.

"Remember, buddy, chicks are trouble. Especially these show-business chicks. Right?"

I nodded slowly. "Right," I said, and started for the door.

"Hey, buddy! What about the check?" He held up the dinner tab. "Don't you want your ten percent?"

I smiled.

"I'll get it next time."

He nodded, waved so long, and I moved out to await the trusty Alfa.

The night was crisp and clear, and I didn't feel like going home just yet.

I decided to take a spin down the Strip. The wind was cold and it made my cheeks tingle, helped to take my mind off Janet. I drove by

the Gaiety and waved to a group of people hanging around out in front, then passed by the Crescendo where Bernie was playing.

When I got to Schwabs I made a U-turn and headed back out Sunset toward my bachelor apartment in Brentwood. Once I got past the Beverly Hills Hotel and could find no more familiar, brightly-lit landmarks to gaze at, my thoughts turned to Janet again. It was silly, really, to sign a girl who hadn't a single frame of film or as much as a minute of dramatic training. Nothing will kill an agent faster than to tout people who can't deliver. But this was a pretty silly town, and I guess I was a pretty silly guy. By the time I reached Sepulveda Boulevard, I'd made up my mind.

When I got home I went right to bed, but frankly, I've had better nights. It seemed like I'd just gotten to sleep when the exchange called with the glad tidings.

"Eight o'clock, darling," she said. The unknown, but wonderful voice on the other end of the line.

I mumbled something, hung up and pulled myself out of bed.

I dressed, stopped at Googies for a cup of coffee, read the trades, then went to the office. Betty, my secretary, was there, sorting the mail.

"Hi," she said. "Al Marx called. Says it's important. And Joan Garber. And don't forget your appointment at Warner's. Eleven o'clock."

I nodded. "Get me Al Marx."

"What about Miss Garber?"

"Make an excuse. You're the champion."

She sighed and I moved into my office.

I stalled around as long as I could, then finally I called Janet. Her voice was bright and fresh, somewhat like the morning, if you happen to like metaphors, and the mere sound of it started the pounding all over again.

After the usual amenities, I told her that I'd thought the whole thing over and I'd decided to take her on. She was more than grateful, and was perfectly willing to meet me for cocktails that evening to formulate the birth of her rise to the top. We decided on seven o'clock, and I hung up with a new feeling of remorse.

The day lasted about six and a half weeks. My trip to Warner's was fruitful, and later that afternoon I made relatively good deals for seven clients, including two weeks for Bernie at the Chez in Chicago for 3500 per. But my heart wasn't really in it. Janet Moore occupied my mind.

Seven o'clock came, and I picked her up at her little bachelor apartment on Hollywood drive. When she came to the door, I knew once and for all that she *would* make it, one way or another.

She was wearing the tightest fitting black sheath dress I had ever seen—but tasteful. A high neck, accented by a strand of expensive pearls. Her legs were encased in smoky-hued stockings and she was wearing a pair of pointed-toed slippers with the highest heels in Hollywood. To put it mildly, I was knocked out. We walked to the car, and even the night air couldn't completely absorb the delicious smell of her perfume.

On the way to Frascatti's we chatted about this and that, and by the time we got seated in a dimly-lighted booth, we were old friends. I knew all about her family back home in Lockport, Georgia. Her mother, her father, her sisters and brothers, her aunts and uncles. And I also knew that she had made them a solemn promise: she would not return to Lockport until she was a movie star.

(*turn over*)

HE-ING 'N' SHE-ING

He: M'dear, you're absolutely ravishing!
She: Of course m'love,
I have to be in order to compete with the lovely ladies in The Dude!
He: Bbbbut . . . I always thought The Dude was strictly for males!
She: Silly boy, do you think any girl could resist a purely masculine magazine?

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1/60

Genuine, 14-karat, and all the rest. She was a strong-willed girl, and they, as well as I, knew that she meant it.

I had a couple of belts while she nursed a whiskey-sour, and all the while we discussed the plan of action for her career. I thought perhaps she ought to enroll at one of the local acting schools. She agreed. A little publicity campaign wouldn't hurt, I told her. Absolutely not. If we're lucky, I said, I'll get you a screen test out at Fox. Even if nothing happens, the exposure will be good for you. She smiled her assent.

After dinner we stopped by the Crescendo to see Bernie. He came over to the table, sat down, and in a few minutes Janet excused herself.

We watched her walk to the powder room, and brother, we weren't alone. Every eye in the place turned to follow her, and she knew it. She made each step a dramatic triumph, and when she finally disappeared from view, she'd picked up her first Academy Award without a contest.

Bernie shook his head.

"Buddy," he said—intellectually, of course—"that is one groovy chick."

"Buddy," I said, not nearly so intellectually, for I had a tie on, "you are so right."

She came back to the same silent ovation, sat down, and the three of us talked show-biz until it was time for Bernie to go on.

"He's nice," she said, and I agreed, cautioning her to reserve her final judgment until she saw the real Bernie Simon in action.

He was at his best, which unfortunately is his farthest out, and I'm afraid Janet just didn't "dig." She tried, to her everlasting credit, but when you don't, you just don't. When he was through, he came back to the table, smiling broadly.

"I was great, huh, buddy? Knocked 'em dead, right?"

I held out my hands. "So where's my cut?"

"Later for you, dad." He looked to Janet. "You enjoy it?"

She smiled demurely and avoided the issue just about as neatly as I've ever seen:

"Please. Call me Janet."

He did, forgetting all about her evasion, and after a while, when the band came on and started blaring, we excused ourselves and left the club.

Once we were back on the road, and the Alfa was purring contentedly with the knowledge its master was back at the controls, I suggested we take a ride. Janet thought that would be lovely, but felt maybe I'd like it better if we went back to her place for one last drink. She was tired, and wanted to be fresh for the hard day's work ahead. That feeling was starting up my legs again, and I couldn't have agreed to a million-dollar deal any quicker.

She turned on the radio once we were inside and fiddled around until she found a station playing standards with very few commercials tossed in. While I fixed myself a drink she went into the other room to, so help me she said it, "get into something more comfortable."

She came back, and was wearing a silky negligee and blue satin mules. Period. That's all. *She* may have been more comfortable, but I was about the most *un*comfortable person in town.

She made a little model's turn and smiled.

"Like it?"

I tugged at my collar and took a half-hearted swipe at my drink.

"I'm afraid so."

"Afraid?" She sidled over to the couch and sat down a few inches away. I didn't answer her last question, because frankly, I didn't think she'd understand. I was afraid, all right. Of myself, and her, and every other goddamn thing in the room—the nearby studio bed included. One of the first rules of agenting is simply: "Don't mix business with pleasure." The only thing it can lead to is trouble. Of the biggest kind. She leaned over, closer to me, and I wanted to tell her to stop. Slowly and calculatingly, she turned my head and kissed me tenderly. Her lips were softer than they looked.

"Janet . . ." My voice was hoarse. I was on the verge of breaking every principle I owned. If she'd let me.

And she did.

When it was over, we remained still for a while. I smoked a cigarette and she talked, nestling close against me. Yes, this was the first time it had had any meaning for her. With me, she cared. She'd only done it because she'd wanted to, and I shouldn't feel obligated to offer her any favors because of it. I kissed her meaningfully, made some excuse about having to get up early and left.

The next few weeks were very disappointing. I took her everywhere. Casting directors, producers, directors—every place I thought she might be able to get a little break. Everywhere I got the same reply: "Sure, she's pretty enough. But she just doesn't have it. No magnetism. And besides, she's a lousy actress."

Through it all, Janet refused to be discouraged. She'd promised those folks back home she was going to be a movie star, and by God, she was. Then, one night at Frascatti's, she hit me with it.

"Tom." She was looking deep into her Scotch, the whiskey-sours long since having been abandoned.

"Hmmm?"

"Do you love me?"

"I don't know." For me that was a big step in the wrong direction. I really *didn't* know, and ordinarily there would have been no question.

"I love *you*," she said, "so that's why I don't want to see you anymore. Professionally, personally, or any other way."

I stared at her. Her statement had rocked me in the pit of my guts, and I didn't like it. The statement *or* the feeling it had caused.

"How come? Aren't I a good enough agent for you?"

"That's just it," she said, her voice ringing with sincerity. "You're too good to be wasting time with me."

"Now, wait a minute. Don't tell me you're ready to give up."

She looked up, searching into my eyes.

"Oh, no. I just don't want you to carry my weight any more."

I smiled softly.

"I kind of like it."

She shook her head.

"I've thought about it. For a long time. It's no good, and that's it."

"What are you going to do about money?" I asked. "You must be running short."

"I've still got a couple of hundred left. And I've got some ideas."

The rest of the evening was miserable. As I said, Janet was a strong-willed girl. She'd made up her mind and there was no changing it. When we finally got to the door, I made one last stab.

"You sure you won't reconsider?"

"Positive." Her eyes were full of tears, and I truly don't believe she had ever looked more beautiful.

"Good luck, little peach." I was having a tough time keeping those

there's a NEW word for it!

din'er-out' (din'er-out'), *n.* One who dines away from home, esp. formally.
A brilliant *diner-out*, though but a curate. *Byron.*

diners' club (din'ers' klub), *n.* **1.** the term for single credit card-single billing systems. **2.** used in the sense of comprehensive credit covering a wide variety of purchases and services. **3.** pre-established world-wide credit. **4.** a member of a discerning group. **5.** establishments all over the world which honor the Diners' Club Credit Card.

di-nette' (di-net';di-), *n.* [See-ETTE]. **a.** *Brit.* A hot luncheon. **b.** *U.S.* An alcove serving as a dining room in a small apartment.

Of course, the term "diners' club" is not in your dictionary or, as a matter of fact, in anyone's. After all, "diners' club" can only be descriptive of The Diners' Club and its meaning can only be applied literally to the services it provides. In spite of the fact that "diners' club" does not appear in the dictionary its meaning is clear *in any language*—all over the world.

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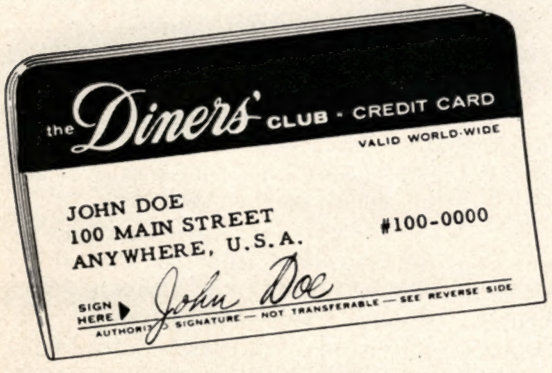

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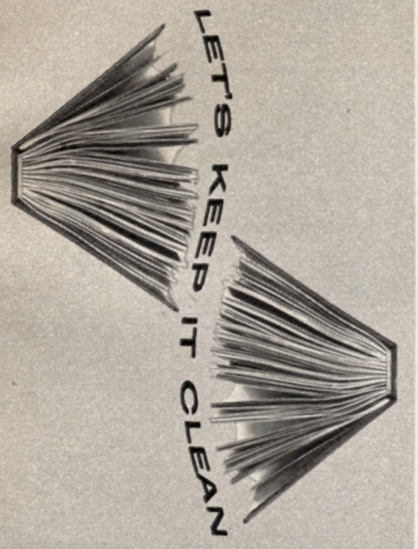

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crocodiles from coming up, myself.

She reached up, kissed me lightly, whispered goodbye, and closed the door.

Slowly, wearily almost, I headed back toward the car, and home.

The months passed, and I ran into Janet a few times. And when I didn't see her, I heard about her. She had managed to meet most of the big, important people, and was a constant guest at all the finest parties and biggest affairs. She got a bit part or two in a couple of movies, and I winced to guess how she got those. She *had* said she'd slept with men before for favors, and it was pretty obvious that's what she was doing now. But Hollywood men are a strange breed of cat, and Janet was never going to become a star that way. Basically, because she was such a bad actress. Sure, lots of them had enough honor to pay off with a minor role that couldn't possibly hurt the quality of their picture. But none of them were going to risk their careers for a good-looking chick. Not even *that* good-looking chick.

Then, one day about three years later, I picked up my morning trade papers and saw it:

"JANET MOORE TO STAR IN HAMMOND PRODUCTION"

I did a take, almost spilled my coffee, and read the rest of the story:

"Producer Marty Hammond has signed newcomer Janet Moore to play the lead in his forthcoming production of 'Summer Night.' Miss Moore, up to now a bit and featured player, was chosen by Mr. Hammond for the role after an extensive talent search."

So she'd made it after all! But who the hell was Marty Hammond, and what the hell was "Summer Night"?

I tried to reach her all day on the phone and finally, about five o'clock, she returned my call.

"What did I tell you?" she said. "Didn't I say it?"

"You sure did, baby." I was as excited for her as she was for herself. "Let's get together and you can tell me all about it."

We met at the Garden of Allah, and after we had ordered our drinks, I asked for the details.

"In the first place," I said, "who is Marty Hammond?"

"A friend of mine."

"What's he done?"

"Nothing."

The waitress brought the drinks, and we toasted her success briefly.

"But I don't understand, honey. Who put up the money for this deal?"

She hesitated for a long moment, then:

"I did."

I'd almost spilled my coffee that morning when I read about the show. This time there was no almost. A buck's worth of fine Scotch splattered over the tablecloth.

"Say that again—slow-like."

She nodded.

"You heard me right. I did."

I lit a cigarette for each of us, then asked the inevitable question:

"Where'd you get it?"

She didn't want to answer, but there'd never been any secrets between us, and there weren't going to be any now.

"I earned it, Tom." She lowered her eyes, trying to find the words to tell me what I was quite sure I already knew. "But what I told you that night four years ago is still true. It's never meant anything with anybody but you."

We were quiet for a long time. I didn't know quite how to react. I didn't like it, but I couldn't work up a real passionate *dislike* for it, either.

"Honey, this thing's got to cost at least eighty-thousand."

"Eighty-five."

I whistled softly. "In three years?"

She nodded. "I worked hard." Then, with a wry smile: "And it's all tax-free."

I sighed heavily, not knowing what to say. She leaned over, and her eyes begged desperately for me to understand.

"I told you, Tom, I was going to be a star, one way or another. All right, I did it my way. And nobody has to know it but you and me."

I smiled.

"Don't you worry, baby. Nobody's going to know."

She looked relieved.

"As soon as we're finished, I'm going home. I don't think I could raise that much again. I know my limitations." She laughed softly, then rose from the table.

"Leaving so soon?" I asked. "We've hardly had time to chat. And I've got another drink coming."

She took my hand, bent over and kissed me on the cheek.

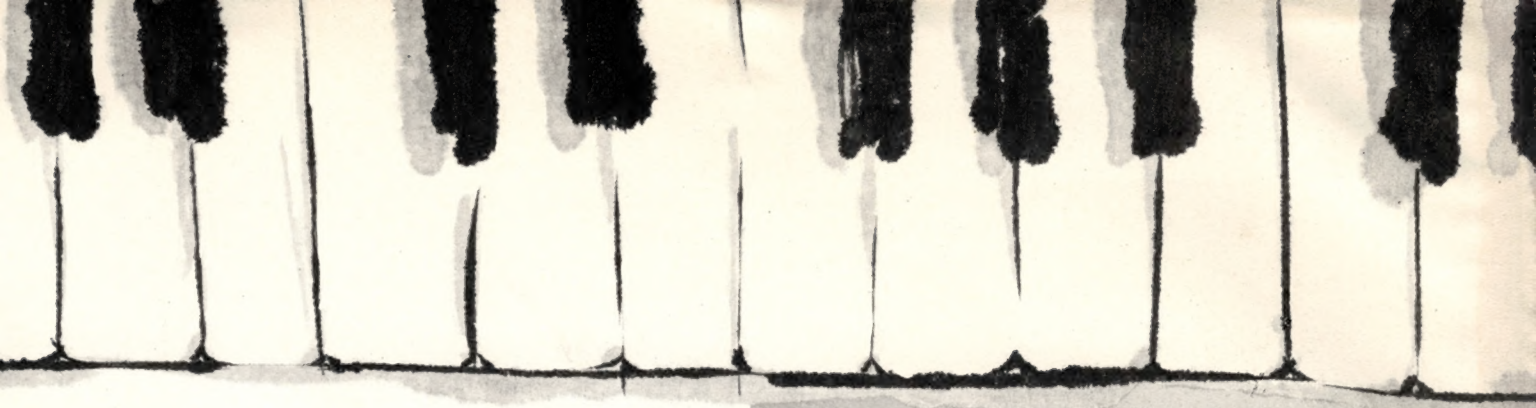
"I've got to meet with Marty. Production plans, stuff like that. But I wanted you to know. I couldn't have stood it if you didn't know."

"Thanks, little peach. Thanks for everything."

She turned and walked out, just like that night in the Crescendo four years ago, and once again all the eyes followed her.

Only this time, they didn't realize they were watching a Movie Star. Genuine, 14-karat, and all the rest.

∞



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